

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 16, 1964 35 CENTS

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous... simply because it tastes so good.



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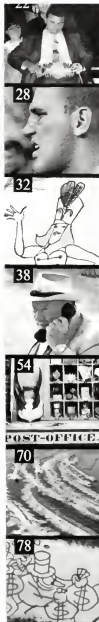
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SHOWN ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorization of second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. This tract published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, I-I-EA; Los Angeles metropolitan, T1-T2; special, SP1-SPA.

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Next week

THE BATTLE OF BOSTON. Clay-Lorton version, looks to be one of the roughest sea parties ever held there. Gilbert Rogin and four photographers will provide exciting coverage.

THE SKY SEASON begins with a guide to parallel techniques by Helmut G. and an introduction to the in resort—Vail, Colo.—its vibrant people and an extraordinary architecture.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY winner in 1965 may run in the rich Garden State this week. Whitney Tawer reports the race and assesses the 2-year-olds as they move on to winter training.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert L. James

There is an undeniable quickening of the general pulse as the time for the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight (page 22) grows near. In the words of Robert H. Boyle, who has frequently written about boxing for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "There is no spectacle, no contest, nothing in sport that can equal the moment when a heavyweight championship fight begins. The anticipation of the crowd, the cheers as the challenger comes down one aisle, the champion down another, the great hooded robes they wear, even the long, boring introductions help build the tension. The crowd begins to roar, the fighters go to their corners, stand with their backs to the center of the ring for an instant and then wheel and come toward each other. It's a moment unlike any other in sport."

Boyle's enthusiasm helps to explain a phenomenon we have often noted: good writers are fascinated by boxing. Martin Kane, whose masterful stories are now part of the literature of the sport, explains, "It is competition reduced to its most primitive terms." And Kane adds, "You find more characters than in any other sport. Clay, Patterson, Sugar Ray, Archie Moore, Cus D'Amato, Jack Kearns. And the atmosphere is marvelous—the training camps, the way the whole camp defers

to the fighter. It's like being in the scruffy palace of a king."

Hudson Horn, one of the first to write about the present king, Cassius Clay, says, "It's very entertaining—the contest, the fighters. It has a primary humanness about it. I don't approve of it. I think it is wrong as entertainment, and I wish I didn't like to watch it. But it's the only sport that can make me shake with excitement."

Tex Maule, who has done several boxing stories for us between his regular tours of professional football coverage, says, "It is the simplest conflict in sport, the most direct. It's concentrated, unlike football, where 22 people are running around. And, almost by definition, boxers are interesting people. They're different from football players, who sometimes seem poured in the same mold. Fighters are individuals, and they are colorful and surprisingly articulate."

Gilbert Rogan, who wrote the preview of the fight in this issue, says, "Boxing lends itself to writing because it is at the same time the most real and the most artificial of sports. It is the most real because it simulates actuality—two people might normally fight each other. But it is the most artificial because it isn't really real. It is safe—despite the injuries that happen and the deaths. A street fight is real, and it is ugly and repellent. But boxing is like a play. A horrible argument you hear in a play would be repellent if you heard it coming from the apartment next door. But on the stage it is safe, it is something you can watch and even appreciate. Boxing is the same way. It has the trappings of the theater. It is the closest thing in sport to fiction: preparation, act, consequence. It is all the great duels—man and wife, son and father, *MEMO* vs. *MEMO*. There is a great sense of honor and dishonor. And fear. The fascination of fear."

"Boxing is the basic sport. Maybe foot racing is older, but how can you compare the consequences of losing a foot race with the consequences of losing a fight?"



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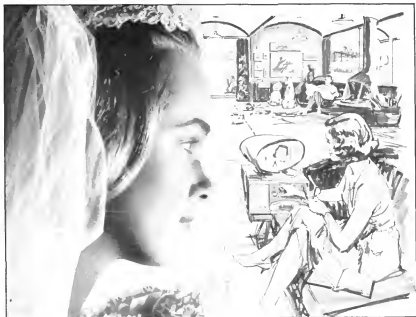
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SHOPWALK

Skate boots are hand-processed in a shop run by the Stanzone family

Giovanni Stanzone's establishment at 50 West 56th Street, New York City is an old-fashioned shop where everything is still done by hand. Stanzone makes skating boots—and nothing else. The firm was founded in 1905, five years after Gus Stanzone arrived in America from Naples, Italy, the home of great shoemakers. Papa Stanzone, now 80 years old, still comes to the shop two or three times a week to look things over and give a hand in making wooden lasts. Four of his eight sons followed him into his trade, and now the shop is run by Dan, the eldest, Gus Jr., Joseph and Benjamin.

"You have to learn this trade when you are young," Dan said recently. "It takes 10 years to become a good custom shoemaker." The Stanzones make more than a thousand pairs of skating boots a year.

A pair of custom skating boots costs \$89.50. Handmade stock boots, available in easy-to-fit sizes, cost \$69.50. After the measurements are taken, a wooden last of the foot is carved and then a paper pattern is made from which the leather is cut. Figure-skating boots are made from calfskin, shiny and smooth, or buckskin, dull with a nap. They have a narrow, gripping heel, which gives the boot a graceful appearance, and a well-supported arch. Speed-skating boots have no heel and are made of kangaroo leather, light but extremely strong. All boots are fully lined with French suede. Stanzone also makes junior-size boots. These can be altered to accommodate the wearer's growth. When the boot is made, enough material is left to lengthen it to provide at least two seasons' wear. Stanzone recommends for its fine figure-skating boots blades made by Strauss of Minneapolis. They cost \$55 a pair. Figure-skating blades are screwed onto the sole, which has been built up to approximately one-fourth inch by layers of inner-soles and a filler. A speed boot has to be more flexible; the sole has less of a foundation and the blades have to be riveted right through and clamped on inside.

It takes approximately three to five days for a pair of boots to go through this painstaking assembly-line procedure. Since the leather is wet when put on the last to insure perfect molding to the foot, the time-consuming part in the making of custom boots is the drying process.

Stanzone boots are shipped all over the world, and most of the customers order by mail. A detailed form illustrating exactly where the six essential measurements are to be made will be sent upon request. Fittings are not necessary because the boots can be adjusted after they have been worn.

—FELICIA LEE

How to mix it up when holiday guests drop in




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2. Then mix it with:
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tomato juice
orange juice
any juice
coffee, tea or milk
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Virgin Islands Rum

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

SCORECARD

CROSSROADS

Since Kenesaw Mountain Landis was appointed to the post in 1921, there have been only two other commissioners of baseball—A. B. (Happy) Chandler and Ford C. Frick. Now Frick is about to retire and his successor must be found.

Among Frick's swan-song recommendations to the two league meetings in Phoenix last week was one that baseball's owners restore to the office of commissioner the absolute power that Landis enjoyed. Reports from the closed-door meetings indicated that the owners were looking favorably on the suggestion. Let us consider the implications.

Baseball never enjoyed the confidence of its followers more than when Landis ruled—partly because of his personality, partly because he exercised his powers so firmly. That confidence scarcely diminished when Chandler succeeded him, even though the owners, who had chafed under Landis' dictatorial reign, gave themselves the power to overrule the commissioner. Chandler was tough enough to buck openly some of the owners, sided with the ballplayers against the owners when he thought it right and was fired before his term expired in 1952. Frick, a most amenable fellow, succeeded him.

Now the owners, after making the gesture of restoring full power to the commissioner's office, can appoint either a Landis type or a Frick type—can, in short, make the gesture an honest one or a fake. Which do you think it will be?

THE BRAIN DETERGENT

Very probably the most important financial consideration in the future of professional sport is pay TV, in which a person who wants to see a baseball game, a fight or even an opera, pays for it. Under such an arrangement a good heavyweight championship bout could well gross into the tens of millions one of these years.

Naturally, this represents a threat to the TV networks and to the movie industry, both of which have, by and large, reduced entertainment to its lowest common denominator because that is where

the big buck lies. And so it was that, in the recent election, network TV and the movie industry joined forces to combat pay TV in California, where Subscription Television, Inc. had made a small but promising start. Both the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants had arranged to broadcast their games over pay TV via Subscription Television.

But in last week's election California voters were presented with something called Proposition 13, which asked the voters to outlaw pay TV. It seemed most unusual for voters to have to decide on such a matter—quite as much as if Standard Oil could get a ballot proposition that would make it unconstitutional to buy anyone else's gasoline. The voters were brazenly brainwashed in a multi-million-dollar advertising campaign which represented that pay TV would drive free TV off the air. There were full-page advertisements showing wistful moppets being told by guilty parents that they could not afford to turn on *Captain Danger*, or whatever the favorite kids' show might be. The voters wept and outlawed pay TV—at any rate, pro tem.

The allegation was, of course, an untruth. But so was it a fraud when television was rigging quiz shows. Does anyone wonder why the CBS purchase of the New York Yankees seems so ominous?

LET'S IMITATE THE JAPANESE

It took less than an hour for a 60-stall wooden barn at Laurel racetrack to burn down last week. Killed by the fire were 34 horses, valued at about \$250,000.

Laurel President John Schapiro issued a long statement intended to show that every possible precaution had been taken to prevent such a tragedy. He announced that the destroyed barn would be reconstructed of "impregnated and slow-burning wood." Concrete block would be cheaper and really fireproof, he contended, but horsemen prefer wooden barns because they are not as damp as concrete structures.

President Schapiro might take a tip from the Japanese, who stable their

horses in wooden buildings, too, but construct them so that there are two doors for each stall. One door opens inside the barn, the other leads outside. In case of fire, the horses are led out to safety. A Japanese groom, at Laurel for the International on November 11, reported that although there have been two major fires at Japanese racetracks in recent years, no horses died in them because of the dual stall openings.

PROPHET

What with the speed of jet airplane travel and the fact that the International Dateline is east of Sydney, Australia, Goller Jack Nicklaus was able to beat Bruce Devlin 67-70 in the Australian Open playoff, fly to Hawaii and, during a three-hour wait between planes, take a swim in the surf. Both the golf and the swim took place on the same Sunday morning.

A golf fan approached Nicklaus in Honolulu and asked, "How did you make out in Australia?" Nicklaus looked at his watch. "In just about five minutes," he said, "I will beat him by three strokes."

HUNTING AND FISHING BY EAR

The electronic age of sport is upon us, recent developments would indicate.

The quail hunter who does not know



how to work his dogs may now attach a three-ounce transmitter to his dog's collar. When he loses sight of the animal, the transmitter will tell him where the dog is and what the dog is doing, at distances up to half a mile. A varying signal indicates the dog is running. A steady signal indicates that he has

eyen/laurel

All over America the swing's to wings Piper Sales up 43%

Here are just 6 reasons why

Private aircraft sales up 30%+ over a year ago. Piper sales up 43%+. One big reason: industrial concerns find airplanes a must—such as this luxurious six passenger, twin engine Piper Aztec C with 218 mph top speed, 2 big baggage compartments.



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SCORECARD *continued*

stopped and is, presumably, on point.

Biologists of the Florida State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission have similarly bugged wild deer to learn more about their movement patterns, feeding and resting periods, range distances and cover preferences. So far they have learned that the deer have a very limited "home range" of about one mile.

Something similar is going on with Texas deer.

And in Wisconsin's Lake Mendota, transmitters smaller than the eraser on a pencil have been introduced into the stomachs of white bass in an experiment intended to establish a workable system by which such fish as, say, salmon can be tracked far and deep.

A VOTE FOR DOPE

France's mountain-climbing, skiing Minister of Youth and Sports, Maurice Herzog, called upon the French Senate last week to outlaw and severely punish doping in sport. He was not referring to horse racing but to human competition.

"There exist," Herzog told the Senate, "veritable assassins even among the coaches of amateur clubs, who go so far as to give intravenous injections to 18-year-old youths. I am appealing to you not only as senators but as fathers."

Herzog was shouted and voted down. A doctor-senator argued that there were not enough doctors in France to make the necessary tests of blood, sweat, saliva and urine. Communist senators accused Herzog of introducing police to the playing fields. And in the end the senators amended his bill in such a way that it would authorize the use of drugs in sport, provided the drug was prescribed by a doctor. (And at racetracks, if prescribed by a veterinarian, perhaps?)

The administration of stimulants to athletes is, in fact, commonplace in European sports, but most especially in cycling. Cyclists talk openly to each other about the virtues and dangers of doping. It is strongly suspected in boxing, where fighters have been known recently to faint in the ring without other apparent reason.

Disappointed but undefeated, Herzog announced he would carry his fight to the National Assembly.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

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continued

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AND PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

SCORECARD

... speak up), the New York Yacht Club accepted the challenge of Australia's Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron to race for the America's Cup. Not wishing to be hurried again as they were last time, when the interval between challenges was only two years, the New Yorkers said they would be happy to meet the sailors from down under, but not until 1967.

We are happy to hear it. Three years should give the Aussies time to build a better boat than the English (they could scarcely build a worse one). It should give the Americans time to improve upon Olin Stephens' great *Constellation* (if that is possible) and even to find a new designer or two.

Most importantly, it should give the race committee time to ponder changes in the conduct of the racing itself. The first change we suggest is in the timing. The absurdity of holding trials off Newport during the steady sou'westers of August for races to be held during the uncertain blows and dead calms of September has become apparent during three successive challenges. We suggest that the committee find a way to restore the racing to its proper season, which is midsummer, even if they have to hold the trials the year before. And while they are at it, they might drag that starting buoy some five miles closer to shore. Its present location was determined entirely by the needs of the huge J boats of a day long gone.

GET THREE BEHIND ME, TEXAS

The loyalty of Coach Robert Lee Dodd to Georgia Tech, with whose football team he has been associated for 34 seasons, is well known. The depth of that loyalty was revealed only last week. Seven years ago, he told the Atlanta Touch-down Club, he turned down a fabulous offer to leave Tech and coach at the University of Texas.

A Texas multimillionaire, representing a clutch of Texas multimillionaires, telephoned Dodd one night in 1957.

"What'll it take?" the caller asked. "You name it. You get it. We want you as our coach."

"No, thank you," said Dodd. The multimillionaire called every night for a week.

"He offered me cash money, oil wells, a millionaire's house, and I can't remember what all," Dodd said. "And if I hadn't been 49 years old, and so happy in Atlanta, and so reluctant to have to

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prove myself all over again to those Texans, I might have taken it."

Resigned at last to Dodd's immovability, the Texan asked him to recommend a coach.

"I told him one man to get, a winner from his first day as a player and a coach, I told him, 'Get Darrell Royal.'"

Texas did, of course, and under Royal has won or shared in four Southwest Conference championships, gone to six bowls and last year won the first national championship in the school's 81-year history.

Georgia Tech owes Bobby Dodd one million acknowledgments of gratitude. So does Texas.

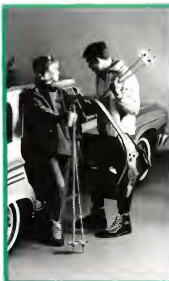
THE FRIENDLY KILLER

The number to call in Seattle when you sight a pod of killer whales in Puget Sound is MAin 2-0563—and a surprising number of people, ranging from ferryboat captains to housewives with good marine views, do call it. The purpose is to notify Ted Griffin, director of the Seattle Marine Aquarium, who yearns to house a killer in a 150,000-gallon salt-water pool he has in readiness. He is equipped to respond to calls instantly in a fast boat loaded with nets, traps and tranquilizer guns.

What Griffin wants with a killer whale is to prove a theory—that the killer is among the most intelligent of all large mammals of the sea and that, like the porpoise, it has kindly feelings toward mankind. Since Eskimos and Indians, who know them well, believe that killer whales are singularly vicious, Griffin may have trouble with his theory, but in the meantime he has given Seattle a new spectator sport: whale watching.

THEY SAID IT

- Hank Bauer of the Baltimore Orioles, on being named American League manager of the year: "I've been wondering how things would have turned out if we had won the pennant. Yogi wins it and gets fired and Keane takes it in the National and quits after the Series. It looks to me like finishing third was the way to do it this year."
- Ben Schwartzwalder, Syracuse University football coach, after listening to Dartmouth's Bob Blackman tell of an epidemic of boils that affected 17 of his players: "I knew the Ivy League was serious about its football, but I didn't think they would stoop to germ warfare." **END**



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STILL HURT AND LOST

His famous glare more tortured than terrifying. Sonny Liston cannot escape anguished memories of his beating by Cassius Clay in Miami. Although he is the betting favorite in his return bout with the champion in Boston next week, Liston will be on the short end of physical and tactical odds **by GILBERT ROGIN**

This is a joke making the rounds: "Don't invite Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston to the same party—it seems last time they almost had a fight." Which is better humor than history. Whatever happens next week in the Boston Garden, the fact is that last February in Miami, Cassius Clay won the heavyweight title in what was conspicuously a fight (see cover) and, moreover, one that was eventful, exciting, probable, and as dismaying to most of the nation's sportswriters as it was to Liston, who still peevishly insists that Clay is only a "fair" fighter, and not as "brave" as Patterson. Liston not only failed to win, as both he and the daily press had foreordained, but the fight ended with him sitting ambiguously on his stool, his face swollen and altered as much by intimations of mortality as by Clay's fists; and this, this almost tragic expression of hurt and irremediable loss, remains. "You can see it in his eyes," says one of Liston's sparring partners. "They don't look so scary any more. They look sad and confused." "Liston is burnt out," says Cassius Clay.

Although life, unlike fiction, cannot demand a logical or rational ending, the sportswriters felt they had been took. Consequently, they reported it was a lousy fight, a fix, and what is called a Setback To boxing. Evidently it was these things because Liston, who was the nearest piece of talent to Godzilla, failed to knock out Clay, whose only known asset was his mouth. The merits of the fight may well be a matter of *de gustibus*, but there has been no evidence of a fix. Furthermore, it had been written that if any commission had the gall (read greed) to sanction the rematch, no one would pay money to see it. Last week Harold Conrad who, as the fight's publicist, is trying to convince Liston to leave his brain to Harvard, announced that

a record gross of \$4.7 million is anticipated, a figure that includes 600,000 theater TV seats at an average of \$6 a chair and a live gate of \$450,000 and change. But such are the effects of journalistic vanity that Liston is a 9-to-5 favorite in Las Vegas; it is almost as though, by some supreme effort of the will, the last fight can be scrubbed from history.

But it happened, and one day last month in the living room of his rented house at 4610 NW 15th Court in Miami, Clay, who now signs in as Muhammad Ali, asked his chauffeur to turn off a taped broadcast by Elijah Muhammad, the leader of the Black Muslim sect to which Clay belongs, and to turn on the movie of the fight. There, on the wall below a handmade sign which reads "Allah Is The Greatest," it inevitably unfolded. Clay watched the film every afternoon before he went to the gym, and he has it with him at the Sherry Biltmore in Boston. "It keeps me in shape," he says. Once more, in the first round, he was fleeing the obsessed, despairing Liston. Luis Serna, a Cuban who gravely leads Clay in callisthenics and rubs him down, says that Clay was "distracted with fear" in those early moments. Clay admits he was "a little nervous. In Miami I was Columbus," he adds. "I was traveling into the unknown. I had to be cautious because I didn't know what to expect. Now I know."

What Clay discovered first of all, and what was, in effect, the point upon which the fight turned, was that he could duck Liston's vaunted jab. "Man can't lead with a hook, get me," Clay said, watching Liston pursuing him across the plaster with great, futile hooks. (Also, the sound track did not pick up the anguished and unheeded cries of Willie Reddish, Liston's trainer: "Cut down on your punches! Shorten your stance!") Clay found, too, *continued*

that on the infrequent occasions that Liston was able to hit him, he could take the punch. But not only was Clay evading the majority of Liston's ill-considered blows, he was hitting Sonny as freely as he wished, and forcefully. Indeed, there was Liston, a shadow on the wall—bleeding, tired, suddenly aged, an imposter. "He's backing up now," Clay said. "He's never backed up." "Cook on him," Clay's brother shouted from across the room. "Cook on him, Brother Muhammad."

"One day you are the champ and your friends say, 'Yes, champ, no one in the world can beat you, champ.' Then you are no longer the champ and you are all alone." This is Liston. He was walking one evening last week with his wife, Geraldine, carrying a bag of groceries, returning to the White Cliffs hotel, his training camp at Plymouth, Mass. He went on, "After that, your friends and the people who have been making a big payday off of you aren't talking to you but about you, and what they say isn't what they said the day before. Look at there," he said, pointing to the horizon, where the setting sun colored Cape Cod Bay. "Isn't that the most beautiful sight you've ever seen? When I first came here the moon was full and all the men kept going outside to see the moon on the water."

Liston is trying to return to the hard, narrow way that led him to the championship, even attempting to duplicate, in his anguish, the things he did two years ago, such as balancing himself on high fences. While Clay's retinue now includes an assistant to the assistant trainer, three Muslim cooks and Siegmund Fitchel, who tells the audience at Clay's workouts, "Please don't smoke or spit on the carpet," the troupe that stayed up late with Liston in Miami while he played tonk and ate potato chips is gone—like his title, his arrogance, his intimidating majesty. Liston has also divested his body of so much weight (last weekend he was 208, compared to 218 for the Miami fight) that he no longer resembles himself. It is chiefly missing from his hips and buttocks, so that he looks strangely deformed, his head huge and unsettling, like some monstrous, morose dwarf. "I'll be able to bend easier," he explains.

Until recently, these deprivations had not enhanced Liston's boxing. In Denver he had not been able to put any of his sparring partners down. He had beaten some up, hurt them, but not overpowered them. Not until October 26 was Liston's confidence, to any measure, restored. That day he hit a sparring partner named Lee Williams between the eyes and busted him open. Afterward, all Liston could talk about was the blood and the eight stitches it took to sew Williams up. "Blood is like champagne to a fighter," says Al Lacey, an oldtime trainer. "It gives his ego bubbly sensations. It helps the fighter's inner man; he begins to believe in himself. They used to feed Dempsey old has-beens in the last days of his training just so he could knock them down, and it never failed to pick up his spirit."

But it still appears that Liston has done little to correct the inadequacies Clay exploited in Miami. When Liston brings his jab back, his fist hangs by his waist. In the interval it takes him to cock it, Clay will be able to hit him on the head two, three times. When Liston remembers to bob and weave, it is in a simple, predictable pattern, like a pendulum, and Clay will have no trouble timing and penetrating this defense. It is evident that Liston is practicing re-

straint—"biding my time," he says—holding fire until he is decidedly within range. But any unexpected move breaks his muscular tension and disconcerts him and, as Angelo Dundee, Clay's trainer, says, "My guy is no conformist."

Only rarely does Liston punch in combinations, and he never throws a straight right hand to the body. When Clay leans back to evade Liston's jab, his jaw is beyond reach, but not his midsection. If, after the jab, Liston follows with a right to the body, he might well slow Clay down enough to beat on his head and, by his own admission, Clay was hurt by right hands to the body in the second and fifth rounds. "Liston should be working on a straight right to the body," says one of his sparring partners, "but he don't seem able to throw the punch that way. He's working on another round punch, and Clay can twist away from that. If you watch Liston closely you can avoid getting hurt. He's slow and plants himself before he punches. Any sudden movement, a shoulder feint or head fake, and his concentration is broken."

"Liston buys everything," Dundee says. "He's a one-way fighter. He can't lick a two-way, let alone a four-way fighter, a guy that can go forward and back, side to side. A fellow that can go side to side can beat him! I first got enthused about Clay's chances when I saw what Machen did to Liston. He can only go one way—forward. He's big, ponder-

Liston looks attenuated after losing weight around his hips.



ous, and every one of his movements is predictable. Liston can't lick Clay. He can't lick that format. He can't lick a tall guy. Liston punching down is powerful. Banging down on you he can hurt, but banging up. . . . It's like hitting a nail with a hammer. If you hit down, you have power, but when you hit up. . . . And Liston can't change nothing. Liston is Liston."

"I feel every man is two men," says Drew (Bundini) Brown, Clay's assistant trainer. "This is particularly true of the champ. He talks to himself and he listens. The champ is a free man. He is one of a kind. He is hand-carved. He is a poor man's dream. He is the luckiest man on earth—earth, luckiest man, that's better. He won't take orders, but if you say something that makes sense then he will hear it and play it back to himself. That is why me and Angelo never give him a command, but we use psychology. We come up with expressions. A Guy Gets Hit Don't Look Good. Slide And Glide, Take A Ride. Hit And Don't Be Hit. Your Left Hand Is Your Best Friend. The Ropes Are Your Enemy. So Stay Away From Them. The champ remembers these lines, and he uses them himself and he does these things. He is doing new things, marvelous things, all the time."

Clay is also a new man. While Liston seems to have become almost wizened, Clay has grown half an inch since February—he now stands 6 feet 3—and has put on six pounds. He weighed 216½ a week before the fight. More significantly, Clay's biceps measure 17 inches, his thighs 27 inches, a two-inch increment in both places, and, at 13½ inches, his forearm is an inch bigger than it was prior to the Miami fight. His waist remains the same, however—34 inches. When Clay returned from his African pilgrimage last June, he was 240 but, as he said the other day after trying on a sweater in a shop on Boston's Massachusetts Avenue, "Jackie Gleason is gone. I have lost my big stomach. I never drink or smoke, so none of that was bad flesh. It was health fat, that's what it was, health fat. I'm so beautiful I should be chased in gold. Look at that build. It's pretty. I mean, it's ready to dance. Right now?"

Clay truly is in marvelous shape. "I had to get unfit before I learned to stay in condition," he says ruefully. In July, when he was still keeping company with Gleason, Chip Johnson, a sparring partner, put him down with a short right hand. "I froze on the spot," Johnson recalls. "Chip Johnson, I said to myself, you know you just dropped the champ. Get up, get up," I cried. 'Stop jiving.' He said to me, 'Chip Johnson, you hat me with the true thing.' Liston better not knock him down, I don't want to lose my prestige with the champ."

"He wants to work." Dundee says. "That's his biggest asset—he wants to train. No one has to push him. This is everything he wants." "I'm filling up his tank," says Bundini. "I got him running with a pound-and-a-half weight on each hand. I got him running with heavy boots on. [Clay says the boots weigh five pounds apiece, whereas the ones he wore before the first fight only weighed half that much, and that they are 13½, although he wears a size 12 shoe.] Makes his ankles feel like he had two pair of wings on. If you clap his wings, he be dead, he be dead."

For one reason or another, Clay's genius as a fighter has never been fully appreciated. Perhaps it is on account of



Clay bulges impressively with six new pounds of muscle.

his often abrasive personality, or that he is, essentially, a romantic figure in an unromantic age, or perhaps because so few can grasp the extraordinary, advanced way he fights. As a person, Clay has become more subdued and mannerly. "The champion has to have dignity," he explains. "That's why I ain't going to pull any more stunts on Liston or run around shouting all those crazy things." Nevertheless, Liston is the sentimental as well as the betting choice—a result, doubtless, of the echoes of Clay's tedious baying and his espousal of the Muslim cause. In the past, Clay frequently has been indolent, even insolent, in the ring, and there are those who know in their hearts that Billy Daniels was giving him a real good whipping before the ref stopped it, and that Doug Jones actually beat him. In truth, Clay was well ahead of Daniels, and though he took Jones too lightly he won it big and gave Jones such a licking in the final rounds he hasn't been the same fighter since.

So who kids whom how many times? Clay is undefeated. As well as can be reckoned, he has called the round 11 times and made it stand up nine, which is on the order of climbing Mount Everest on roller skates. This time he contends Liston will fall in nine. "I give him three more rounds for being in better shape," says Clay. (In fact, Liston may well have been overtrained in Miami—reaching his peak so early he had to be laid off—particularly for a man of his

continued

apparent age, which has to be closer to 40 than the official 30.) Someone asked Clay how many seconds will have elapsed in the ninth before Liston falls. "Seconds are gimmick talk," said Clay, hotly. "There's nothing spooky or ghostly about calling the round—it's all science. I go into conference with myself and then I prophesy. You start with the thought and then you turn it into reality, like the scientist figured out how to make the jet before he built it."

Bundini recalls: "When I first met the champ, I told him he was a phony, doing all that predicting. He said to me, 'Every time I call it, I'm scared to death.' There were tears in both of our eyes. The champ does not agree with everything I do, but he loves me."

"Clay does more things by accident than most big men do on purpose," says Dundee, intending it as a compliment. "In Miami you only seen one quarter of the things this kid can do," says Bundini. For example, Clay is working on a sequence that goes pop-pop-pop (that is the sound of the jab), step back, step in, right cross. Or he will go pop-pop-pop... instead, he stops the jab halfway and turns it over into a hook. "He throws right uppercuts," says Dundee, full of wonder.

"Liston's going to try to grab my jab," says Clay. "pull me to him with his left, and chop me in close with his right. My strategy is to dance, stick and move. In the clinch, spin, grab and hold. I'll be hitting harder. I'll be more confident and determined."

"You can never become great unless you take chances,"

says Bundini. "How can you take a pot unless you make a bet? The scared man do not push his chips in. Once the champ was like a kid holding four aces—he talked too much. Now he knows that when he is holding four aces all he has to do is spread them out and take the pot. A cucumber is a cucumber until it has been in vinegar. Then it is a pickle. The champ is seasoned now, but experience is dangerous."

Indeed, this leads to one of the major imponderables of this fight. In Miami a degree of fear moved Clay, kept him out of harm's way until Liston had worn himself out. How will Clay react without as much help from his adrenal glands? For him the difference between victory and defeat may be measured in fractions of inches—the breadth of air he can keep in front of his chin. In Miami, Liston forced Clay into corners, but was not able to violate his air space. The corners are still where Liston is looking to put him, for in the corners Clay cannot go back. If Clay can stay off the ropes, the fight is most likely his; when he is on the ropes his mobility is restricted, and Liston's relative immobility does not count so much against him.

In several of his training sessions last week Clay looked had because, as he explained, he was allowing himself to be worked against the ropes. "I must be prepared in case the Big Bear gets tough," he said. He then went into an elaborate metaphor—the Clay camp is very poetic—about how an airplane pilot undergoses simulated emergencies in his training so he will learn how to react to them if they

Considerably subdued as compared to the Clay who constantly strove for attention before he became champion, Cassius still

lightens the dreary routine of training. Leading his wife down the plane ramp on arrival in Boston, he displays his gold-plated



occur in actuality. "I face reality," Clay said. "I may not sound human, but behind closed doors I worry and pray."

Another imponderable is how Liston will fight now that he is driven by desperation. Is he, in fact, a bully who cannot perform well unless he believes he is assured of winning? To defeat Clay, Liston must stalk him, not chase him. He must cut the ring in half, which he learned to do for the first Patterson fight. He must throw his right hand—in which he has so little faith, although it demonstrably set Patterson up for some of those terrible knockdowns. He must remember to keep his left up, to throw combinations, to feint and to beat on Clay in the clinches. He must husband his big punches until he is relatively certain they will be on the mark, and not punch himself out because, if he is to win, it will only be by a knockout.

"I guess I just stopped thinking," Liston says about his discreditable performance in Miami. Will Liston's corner be able to bring him back to reality this time? Clay has the edge in seconds not because Reddish necessarily knows less about boxing than Dundee but because Dundee can handle Clay, while Liston seems to tune Reddish out. In the fifth round in Miami, when Clay's eyes were smarting and he wanted to quit, Dundee got him off the stool. "We got up too early too often to quit," Bundin says he told Clay at the time, but it was Angelo's hand that pushed the man out there.

But, having pondered the imponderables, one can only conclude that Liston will *not* win, because whatever he

does, or does not do, he can never match Clay's brilliant speed of hand, foot and mind—his instinct and his application. Until the Miami fight, Liston was regarded as a superior defensive fighter, yet against Clay's bewildering and various volleys he was helpless. This is because Liston can only defend against one punch at a time, which he does very well. Liston has always had trouble with clever, unorthodox fighters—a Marty Marshall, a Machen—and Clay is *not* generic; if nothing else. Although he does not hit as hard as Liston, Clay's blows have impact and they cut. And Clay can take a punch, which confounded and demoralized Liston in their first meeting.

On form, Clay should be a heavy favorite to win by a decision. He is a good bet to knock Liston out from the seventh through the 14th rounds. Liston, if he wins, is more likely to do so in the first few rounds. His chances lessen as the fight progresses, since he should grow weaker from the attrition of Clay's multiple blows and the energy he will have expended in moving. If the fight lasts 14 rounds, however, Liston's hope of a knockout should be greater than at any time since the fifth. Clay will have slowed up and Liston can gamble on one mighty, concluding punch.

But, by and large, wild strokes of fortune do not notably account for man's achievements; they are brought about, rather, by the orderly application of superior resources—whether they are deductions or punches in the mouth. The choice is inescapably Clay's by a knockout. Rounds are gimmick talk.

END

championship belt. Outside Bill Russell's restaurant, he clinches with the Celtics' star and tries out his own version of Liston's

paralyzing stare on a young acquaintance. At right is Comedian Stepin Fetchit. Aired: Clay says solemnly, as "a secret strategy."



A SHARP CHANGE IN THE GAME

The big news in college football is the sudden spread of pro-type platooning. Its most ardent exponent is Tulsa, where the remarkable Jerry Rhone is throwing the ball better than any quarterback ever **by DAN JENKINS**



Zeroed in on receiver, intent Jerry Rhone ignores charging Memphis State linemen as he passes during last week's record-breaking game.

The men who change the rules of college football every year may not have wanted to make their game look exactly like that of the pros, but they could not have done a keener job of it in 1964 if they had ordered Tulsa's Jerry Rhome to throw a few passes for every school in the country. Platoons specializing in offense and defense have come back in full vogue after a decade of creeping free substitution. And the quarterbacks, led by the record-smothering Rhome, have put the ball in the air more times than the drum majorettes have dropped their batons. The result has been a showy season of offense in which the passers have loosened up—and then splattered—defenses, creating in the process even broader gaps for the splendid array of runners already on hand. Precious few teams which have not adopted the pro-style game have been able to cling to their honor. There has been no slackening in the tide of weekly upsets. Typical of the dizziness is this sly round robin: UCLA defeated Penn State 21-14, Illinois defeated UCLA 26-7, Ohio State defeated Illinois 26-9 and last week Penn State defeated Ohio State 27-0. Now in November the unbeaten survivors are few. But among them are Notre Dame and Arkansas, who have platooned and thrown from the start. They have helped reshape the season and have made every September rating look like an inside joke.

No team has benefited from the new rules quite so deliciously as the University of Tulsa, however. Before the past three weeks that school had struggled along for years with only spotty distinction in the quiet, clean oil town on the banks of the Arkansas River. But now the university and the town are booming

with the kind of excitement Oklahoma normally reserves for a new field of gushers, or that *other* team, the Sooners. And behind it all is the convergence, quite by accident, of the right player, the right coach and the right set of rules, all in the same season. Together the three have produced the grandest aerial show in the history of major-college football.

The show revolves around Jerry Rhome, a calm, smoothly built (6 feet, 181) young Texan who left Southern Methodist in his home town of Dallas—after playing brilliantly as a sophomore—because he was a passer and wanted to find a place where his passion was not considered a sin. He is a fluid thrower with that natural, old-fashioned posed-photograph delivery. He works hard at learning to pass when things are not going right, throwing off balance, while falling, on one knee or with the wrong foot forward. He throws to all distances and he knows when not to throw. "You can't wish it in there," he says. "Sometimes you've just got to eat it." His pass, thrown in the classic way with one finger on the lace, travels in a fine spiral and settles, Bobby Layne style, softly into the hands of his receivers. In one game (against Louisville) Rhome threw seven touchdown passes, a national record. In another, two weeks ago, he completed 35 of 43 for 488 yards, and four more national records fell. This modest feat occurred against Oklahoma State, a favored team that went into the game with the second best pass defense in the U.S. and came out with a devastating 61-14 loss.

Last Saturday, as Tulsa defeated Memphis State 19-7 and began looking like an attractive bowl team (the re-

cord is 5-2 and only North Texas State, Toledo and Wichita remain), Rhome proved he can even throw a damp football while sliding around on mud, sand, sawdust and cottonseed hulls. Tulsa's cramped, antique Skelly Stadium is owned by the city, and the city did not have a canvas to cover the turf during a day's and a night's rain. Moreover, a high school game was played in the stadium on Friday night, so the field looked something like a World War I no man's land before play ever started. But under such strenuously unsuitable conditions Rhome completed 25 of 35 passes for 264 yards, breaking his sixth and seventh national records and tying another. He passed for two touchdowns, ran for a third and pushed his streak of consecutive tosses without an interception to a stunning 111. In his last 177 passes, in fact, he has had only one intercepted, and only four all year.

After the Oklahoma State game, a pro scout said: "We couldn't complete 35 of 43 if we were only playing catch." The speaker was Dallas Cowboy Assistant Coach Ernie Allen. Dallas drafted Rhome as a future last year, and the New York Jets drafted him in the AFL. Since Rhome's ambition has always been to play pro football, he will no doubt get his chance—and either the Cowboys or Jets will pay handsomely for his arm, which has never been sore since he threw his first pass at the age of 4, a two-footer to his dad. Allen's opinion of Rhome is not helping keep down the bonus.

"He has uncanny accuracy when the receiver is in tight quarters," says Allen. "He has a fine football mind because he's the son of a coach. [Jerry played for his father, Byron Rhome, at Dallas' *continued*

THE RECORDS JERRY RHOME HAS—OR CAN SOON HAVE

MARKS ALREADY SET

Most touchdown passes in one game	7
Most completions in one game	35
Most yards passing in one game	488
Most yards total offense in one game	534
Most points responsible for in one season	192
Most completions in varsity career	352
Most touchdown passes in one season	23 (Babe Parilly)
Highest percentage completions in one game (25 or more attempts)	35 of 43

MARKS HE STILL SEES

Most completions in one season	has 168	needs 7
Most yards passing in one season	has 7,962	needs 95
Most yards total offense in one season	has 7,252	needs 149
Most consecutive passes without interception	has 111	needs 17
Most yards passing in varsity career	has 6,664	needs 200
Most yards total offense in varsity career	has 6,963	needs 407
Most passing and rushing plays in one season	has 340	needs 67
Most passes attempted in one season	has 239	needs 93
Most touchdown passes in varsity career	has 38	needs 12
Highest average total offense per game	now 321.7	record is 266.7
Highest accuracy percentage in one season	now 77.2	record is 665
Career accuracy percentage	now 626	record is 510

Sunset High] and has studied it all his life. He kills a team with audibles. Reads and anticipates a defense. And when he misses a pass, he misses by inches."

No matter which pro league Rhome chooses to play in, the decision will be far easier for him than the one he had to make when he left SMU three years ago.

"All my life I've worked to be a pro quarterback," says Rhome. "Well, I chose SMU because it was a passing team. Then after my sophomore year [he completed 74 passes for 693 yards, 11th in the nation] they changed coaches. Hayden Fry replaced Bill Meek, and he said they were going to develop the running game and defense. Suddenly it was just like I'd gone to Oklahoma or Texas."

Rhyme worked hard through SMU's spring training but wound up no better than Hayden Fry's No. 2 quarterback. He felt like a pre-law student slowly sinking to the bottom in a chemistry course. "It was a tough summer," he says. "I was disappointed and moved up and looking at Nebraska, Ole Miss and Tulsa but not knowing really whether I'd leave SMU. At the last minute, practically, I made what has turned out to be the right decision. But it sure has been a long haul."

As gifted a thrower as Rhome has

turned out to be, and as permissive as the rules have become—fortunately for Rhome and unfortunately for SMU—they could not have added up to so many records and raves if Tulsa's coach were merely adjusting to a trend. He was not. Coach Glenn Dobbs Jr. is a former pro quarterback himself (the old Brooklyn Dodgers and the Los Angeles Dons). He believes in the pass and welcomed Rhome with delight. A tall, soft-spoken, slow-talking ex-rancher with touches of gray in his hair, the handsome Dobbs looks like he ought to be posing for Marlboro commercials. He agreed to become Tulsa's head coach four years ago only because it was his alma mater and the school begged him to. Believing that football should be fun for the players and spectators alike, he says he would coach nowhere else. "We leave the practice field laughing every day," he says. "And we entertain 'em on Saturday."

"If I ever run out of passers," says Dobbs, "I'll go back to my cattle. But, sir, I'm not gonna run out of passers."

Not in the near future anyway. Jerry Rhome is a senior, but Rhome's understudy is a 6-foot-6, 190-pound sophomore named Glenn Dobbs III who can, says his father, "throw the length of the field," and who is patiently waiting until next year to take over as Tulsa's

quarterback. And then, at Tulsa's Nathan Hale High School, there is a 16-year-old lad of 6 feet 3 and 190 pounds who can also throw—Johnny Dobbs, another son. Fans of the Golden Hurricane believe that if he, too, does not wind up at Tulsa there is something seriously wrong with the oil-locating seismic maps in downtown offices.

"I kind of think that all three—Jerry and my two boys—might be lockin' horns in the pros some day," says Dobbs, with a vision of rare extravagance.

The odd fact that the coach's oldest son is currently playing behind the nation's best passer, an almost certain All-America and the possible Heisman Award winner, has presented an unusual problem at times this year.

Against Louisville, Rhome had the game safely put away and was sitting on the bench watching Glenn Dobbs III move the team when the coach got a call from the press box informing him that Rhome was within easy reach of a national record.

"We don't go into a game to set any records," says Dobbs. "We start every game with one idea in mind—that we want to win by one point. Well, Glenn was doing fine when I got the call. They said Jerry needed a touchdown pass to tie the record of six. I sent him in and he got it. Then I put Glenn back. Now, Glenn can use the experience, that's for sure. And he took us down there again. So I got another call. Jerry needs one more to break the record. So I put him in and—bang!—he got it."

Dobbs sighed. "Same darn thing against Oklahoma State. Jerry's on the bench and Glenn's in there getting experience, and here comes the phone call from upstairs. Jerry needs 28 yards for 500, they said. Heck, I didn't know 500 what, but I figured it was something important. Turned out it was total offense, or something. Anyhow, I put him back in and he got it."

Said Dobbs, "Here's how I feel about it. And my boy understands. Who am I to keep Jerry from doing what nobody else has done, from setting records to prove he's the greatest passer of all time? What kind of fellow would I be if I denied him that when he was so close?"

Rhome's flirtation with a bushel of records has had a bristling effect on the Tulsa team. "The defense wants to get the ball back again so Jerry can get another record," says Dobbs. "The line



A cool Coach Dobbs and a mud-spattered Rhome plan game strategy to beat Memphis State.

Not apparent: Glenn Dobbs IV (10) patiently waits to take over where Rhyme leaves off.

THE REDBORN

blocks real hard for the same reason."

Tulsa's line is perhaps the best pass-protecting line in collegiate football. Dobbs thinks it is, and this is what he has worked toward. "Some coaches build from defense," he says. "We started building on pass protection." The formation is a pro spread—two receivers split wide, two running backs with varied spacing. The backs have been chosen as much for their blocking as for their running. Everything is geared to Rhyme getting the ball quickly to the two outside men—or picking at a defense that covers them. "We have 12 plays, that's all," he says. "We throw first, run second. Something has to be open, and Jerry can usually find it." A hefty, seven-man pocket gives Rhyme time to look. But even against a quick, furious rush, Rhyme has done well. He hit 20 of 27 against Arkansas and had the unbeaten Razorbacks 14-0 before a series of sad punts gave Arkansas field position for enough second-half points to survive, 31-22. Tulsa can play anybody.

It is a team quilted from players described by a local newspaper as "misfits." There is 1-nd Howard Twilley, a quick, tough junior from Galena Park, Texas who, partly because of his size (he is only 5 feet 11, 180), was ignored by Southwest Conference recruiters but will set a national pass-catching record this season as a byproduct of Rhyme's success. There is Tailback Bob Daugherty, a junior from Mountain View, Calif., who broke Joe Bellino's freshman scoring and rushing records at Navy, then left because he did not enjoy wearing a uniform and running to class. There is Defensive Tackle Willie Townes, who is 6 feet 5 and 263 and comes from Hattiesburg, Miss., and did not like Indiana University. Tulsa, in fact, has players from 13 different states plus Canada and renegades from Indiana, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State and, of course, SMU. As one might suspect, Dobbs treats them like pros. There are frequent water breaks, and they work in sweat clothes all but two days a week. But then on Saturday, with both the coach and the new rules encouraging him, only one of them always plays like a pro. That is Jerry Rhyme. He was born to do so.

END



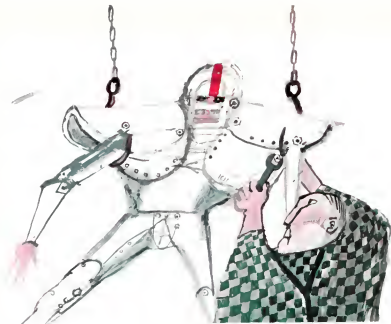
Tomi Ungerer

Links the Past and the Future with Pro Football

To the mordant eye of Satirist Tomi Ungerer a professional football stadium on a fall afternoon has the look of an amphitheater. The game is a circus, the performers are automated, armor-plated robots whose masks suggest rhinoceroses (right). Some seem to be supermen in astronaut gear. The pageantry is reminiscent of the Middle Ages, but the contest belongs to ancient Rome, with the defeated condemned to death by the jeering, merciless citizens.







Tighten well the nuts and bolts, oil freely the shining armor's clacking joints



War on the land, clawing hands reach out to dig and cut like tearing barbs



*The muzzled defenseman growls and waits
to be unleashed to storm into the arena*



*And war in the sea like tentacles the
tacklers' probing arms envelop and enfold*



The citizens turn thumbs down on No. 45 and all the losers. Thumbs down, that is, until next week.



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When he was a little younger, Judge George Schilling once closed a race meeting in Winnipeg, Man. on a Friday, flew to San Francisco for the opening day of Bay Meadows on Saturday and then on to Caliente for the Sunday card, thus becoming the only steward on record ever to officiate at three different tracks in three different countries on three consecutive days. The Judge is now 78 and rests his binoculars on a shelflike punch that swells under an old-fashioned, wide-lapeled, enormously wrinkled suit, but he is at his place at

the finish line every race day at Caliente, just south of the California border, adding to his reputation as the dean of American racing officials.

Through those binoculars Judge Schilling can still spot the color of a jockey's eyes at the quarter pole, not to mention the subtlest attempt at rough riding or any other shenanigans that a foolhardy boy might try to pull on him. So awesome is his reputation that his mere presence at a track is enough to keep the riding clean and honest. "The jockeys respect him so much," said Eddie

Arcaro, who rode under all of the best modern officials, "that they don't even try to get away with anything."

The stewards' job is in many ways the most difficult and important at the track. When two horses bunt, as they often do, the judges have a crucial decision to make. Did the inside horse cause the trouble by moving out, or the outside horse by moving in? Did the bumping keep one of the horses from winning? If so, the judges are duty-bound to take down the winner's number—a move that can cost its owner a big purse

Continued

THE JUDGE THEY HAVE TO TELL IT TO

George Schilling has watched more horse races than any man alive, and he is credited with having the keenest eyes in the West. When he rules that a foul has occurred, the jockey just says, "Yes, sir."

by ERNEST HAVEMANN





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THE JUDGE continued

and force the spectators to tear up tens of thousands of dollars' worth of mutual tickets. And then comes a further problem. Was the foul deliberate or was the horse out of control and following its own temperamental course? If the jockey was to blame, the Rules of Racing call for a suspension. But even a 10-day suspension can cost a leading rider at a big track as much as \$10,000 to \$20,000 in income—and if he was blameless, he certainly should not have to pay for his horse's antics.

The decisions are perplexing enough even today with the help of the camera. In the days before the patrol films, when all the stewards had to go on their own split-second observation of the incident plus the usually conflicting stories of the jockeys, the job was infinitely tougher. Nor was it helped any by the spectators, who were understandably partisan. "Every time we had a foul claim," the Judge recalls, "we had a howling mob around the stewards' stand—half of them yelling, 'Foul!' and the other half yelling, 'No foul!'" It was in those days, when a steward needed courage as well as 20-20 vision, that the Judge made his reputation.

Many stewards are so intoxicated by the power they wield that they become as remote and unapproachable as if they were sitting on the Supreme Court. Schilling, on the other hand, has the jolly disposition to match his Falstaffian figure. He is a friendly man and easily moved to laughter; he likes to drop into the jockeys' room to joke with the riders or offer them some homespun and fatherly advice. Moreover, he was once an exercise boy, though you would hardly suspect it to look at him now, and he knows from experience how hard it is to control a 1,000-pound horse moving at a speed of better than 35 mph.

Recently the Judge had to disqualify a winning horse because it bore in sharply on the final turn, bumping the horses on the inside and nearly knocking them into the rail. Like all good stewards, the Judge is a close student of horses' habits, and he knew that this one had no previous record of lugging in—so it looked like a clear case of rough riding, a jockey trying to win a race by cutting off the competition. Many stewards would have handed out a 10-day suspension. Judge Schilling waited until he had had a chance to talk to the jockey, who claimed that the horse had

seemed to go sore suddenly, favor its right foreleg and bear in, despite his best efforts to keep it straight. The Judge sent an emissary to talk to the trainer. Yes, said the trainer, the horse had been reshot the day before the race and apparently the blacksmith had trimmed off too much hoof; at the moment the horse's feet hurt so badly that it was lying down in its stall, unable to stand. Case dismissed—and another jockey won by the Judge as a friend for life.

On the other hand, the Judge can be as tough as any of them when the occasion demands. He once handed out a long suspension to a jockey who had racked up a field and nearly knocked down half of it by swerving to the outside from the No. 1 post. One of the jockey's friends said sorrowfully, "Judge Schilling, what became of your milk of human kindness?" "It curdled," said the Judge, "when I saw that boy try to kill all the others."

Safety is indeed almost an obsession with the Judge. In his long career he has seen half a dozen jockeys killed, and he hopes never to see another. When an apprentice boy, eager to make a name for himself, tries to steer his horse through too narrow an opening, the Judge likes to sit down with him and say, "Son, you just can't throw a cat through a rathole—and if you try it, somebody's going to get hurt." The feuds that sometimes flare up between riders always worry him until he has managed to get the boys together and induced them to shake hands.

Honesty is his other passion. Back in the '30s, at a half-mile track where he was officiating, he decided that some of the jockeys were "cutting up" the races. In those days, without the evidence of patrol cameras, it was hard to prove a case of race-fixing—but the Judge called in an apprentice boy whom he considered the weakest link in the chain, and by dint of his remarkable ability to point out exactly how the jockeys had been maneuvering their horses, he got a full confession. He suspended six riders for life, and when the track owners decided to reduce the suspensions, he walked off the job.

Like most good stewards—as opposed to the kind who are appointed through political pull or friendship with the owner of the track—the Judge came up through the ranks. He began training for the job when he played hooky from school to watch his first race at the old Bay Dis-

continued



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OLD FORESTER

trict track in San Francisco, around the year 1895. Children had to be accompanied by an adult to get in, and he hung around the entrance until he found a man willing to pretend to be his father. When he got home his absence from school had already been reported, but the day seemed worth the licking he got. He was a steady patron of the track thereafter, though prudently confining his visits to Saturdays and vacation time. When unable to find a substitute parent at the track gate, he would walk around to the backstretch, watch the races from one of the eucalyptus trees that lined the outside rail and make nickel and dime bets with a man there known as the Gum-Tree Bookie.

After he finished grade school he tried his best to get interested in a job in an insurance office, but two years of it was all he could stand. At 16, a skinny kid who weighed only 85 pounds and was known as "Dink," he became an exercise boy. This was at the Emeryville track, a ferry ride across the bay from San Francisco. One day he was exercising a mean old horse named Follow Me, who was uncontrollable on the track in the morning and had to be galloped on the dirt roads nearby. A piece of tumbleweed came blowing by, and Follow Me took off and carried Schilling three miles into the heart of downtown Oakland. Still he stuck to the horse—and the job—and might have become a jockey if his parents had not sent him to sea as chief storekeeper on a ship called the *Copric*, which was owned by a company that an uncle worked for.

"They shanghaied me," he says. But every time the *Copric* touched port he and the ship's doctor, another devotee, bought back issues of the newspapers, piled them in chronological order and made bets on the Monday entries before looking in Tuesday's paper for the results. He was obviously a hopeless case, and after he had made 10 trips to the Far East without showing any improvement, the family relented and he went back to the track.

Schilling was too heavy by this time to ride and instead began writing racing for the old *San Francisco Examiner*, covering the meet at Emeryville and enjoying a nice leisurely life, until one night his editor, Jack Boyle, who later wrote the Boston Blackie stories, had one drink

continued



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If you want to really swing with this watch, see the best jeweler in your city. Tony Lema's Rolex is 14 K gold—case and bracelet. It costs \$495 including federal tax. The same tough watch is available in stainless steel or stainless steel/14 K gold combination for \$172.50. Send for free folder of sportsmen's watches . . . American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

ROLEX

THE JUDGE

too many at the Press Club in the company of his rival editors. The result was a bet on which paper could get its final edition, with the chart of the last race, down to the bay first to meet the returning horseplayers as they arrived on the ferry. Not until next morning, all too late, did Boyle stop to think that his plant was by far the most distant of all from the ferry slip and hopelessly out of the running.

Schilling saved the day. Instead of waiting for the official chartmaker, he called the race himself, into a telephone, and at the other end a printer rushed it into type even while he was speaking. Schilling's chart got to the ferry first. Jack Boyle won his bet, and Schilling was launched on a new career.

Calling a race chart requires the keenest of eyes and instantaneous reactions, and only a few people can do the job at all. Schilling found that he could not only do it with complete accuracy, but also bring to it the dramatic touch of a natural-born Shakespearean actor. This was in the days before the public address system, and most racing spectators had no idea of what was going on until the horses got into the stretch and near the finish line. The Judge began calling out the positions of the horses to an assistant who took them down on a blackboard, and crowds gathered to listen. Glad to oblige his growing public, the attention-loving Judge bellowed out like a hog caller, and occasionally added variety by affecting a Cockney, Japanese or deep-South accent.

When the old Tijuana track opened in 1917 a few miles from the present Caliente, Schilling was employed as its first official chart caller. His skill proved his undoing. Tijuana used to have 4½-furlong sprints, with as many as 14 horses whipping and driving right from the start, barreling into the far turn at top speed and often going past the finish under a blanket. One day, standing at the finish line and surrounded by about 300 spellbound fans, Schilling gave his usual split-second call and at the end announced that a horse named Oldsmobile was the winner by a neck. The placing judges put up another horse's number. There was no finish-line camera in those days to prove who was right, but the spectators believed their friend Schilling. It took a crew of policemen to get the judges safely away.

As a result of the near riot, the track

(continued)

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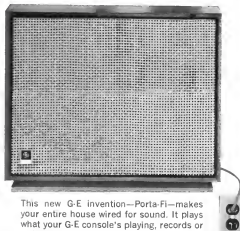
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE JUDGE *continued*

banished Schilling to the grandstand roof. He found that he had a much better view there, and his exile doubtless inspired the high-up press boxes at modern tracks. But away from the admiration of the crowd at the finish line he languished, and soon gave up chart calling to become an official. He served as steward and racing secretary, and sometimes both, at long-forgotten tracks in places like Boise and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Butte, Mont.; and Reno. Among the young jockeys he watched come up was Johnny Longden, who, fresh from riding his first winner at Salt Lake City in 1927, rode under the Judge's supervision at Edmonton and Calgary in Canada. (Schilling admits, incidentally, that he misjudged Longden: "I thought he was going to become one of the greatest riders on the half-mile tracks, because he had a special talent for taking a horse back from an outside position and crossing over to the rail to save ground. I never suspected that he would be even better at going to the front and then raising his horse on the big tracks.")

In his long career the Judge has had several close calls, surviving a racetrack shooting, a racetrack cyclone and a racetrack fire. The shooting took place in Reno, where the Judge, who had temporarily gone back to calling charts, was sitting in an automobile one morning with the presiding steward, Leon Wing. A jockey named Arthur Zeigler, who had been suspended in Canada for using a battery to make a horse run faster, came up and, disgruntled at being refused a license in Reno until he had cleared up his troubles in Canada, began shooting at Wing. The Judge happened to have one leg crossed over the other, and one of the bullets went right through the fork of his knee. Wing was mortally wounded. Undaunted, the Judge took after Zeigler on foot, much to his own surprise after he had time to think it over. ("He had a gun, and I didn't even have a stone to throw at him.") The jockey ran into the barn area, stepped into a tack room and blew his own brains out before the Judge caught up.

The cyclone came in Omaha; the skies grew ominously black, and suddenly bushes and branches were flying through the air. For the only time in his life the Judge found himself unable to make and stick to a quick decision. Acting on his

continued



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SHULTON

THE JUDGE continued

first impulse, he ran down to the bottom of the grandstand and took refuge behind a pillar. To another man there he said, "This is the safest place, don't you think?" The man shrugged and said fatalistically, "Well, that all depends on whether the stand falls in on us." The Judge took off again for the roof. Fortunately, the storm veered and he and the grandstand were spared.

The fire occurred at the old Tijuana track; it started in the stable area one afternoon during the races, and soon the sun was blacked out by smoke. Horses, turned loose from their stalls, ran crazily down the track and leaped the fences. It was one of the most spectacular fires in racing history, totally destroying five big barns, and perhaps the only one to take place in full view of a large racing-day crowd. Fortunately again—the Judge seems to carry his luck with him wherever he goes—no one was hurt and not a single horse was burned. The only casualty, if it can be called that, was a veteran named Night Rader, who disappeared into the hills of Baja California and was never seen again. The supposition is that Night Rader found a band of wild mares in the hills and established himself as king and that his progeny are still running around out there, doubtless full of spirit and speed if only someone could find and tame them.

Tijuana was the creation of the late Jim Coffroth, the erudite, eccentric, cynical Californian who got rich promoting the Jeffries-Corbett and Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fights. Coffroth built the track solely to make money; he had no interest in horses and seldom even watched a race, preferring to sit in his office sipping champagne and listening to the chatter of the beautiful young women by whom he was always surrounded. With the help of the Judge, however, Coffroth and Tijuana made considerable racing history. Their chief problem was getting horses. There was no racing in California at the time and indeed no track of any real consequence west of Hot Springs. Coffroth decided to put on a \$5,000 handicap to attract good horses, but Schilling had much bigger visions. "I've got an idea I think you'll like," he told Coffroth. "Add \$10,000 to the race each year until you've hit the magic number of \$100,000—then you'll really have something." Coffroth winced, as the

continued



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THE JUDGE Continued

announcing a late scratch to the crowd, but it made no sense at all in an era of pari-mutuel betting and public-address systems. In total defiance of tradition, the Judge announced that all bets on the injured horse would be refunded. The track management, foreseeing all kinds of trouble with the public if any of the Rules of Racing were relaxed, was furious, but the Judge insisted that it is Rule A of wagering that if you can't win you shouldn't lose. Before long all tracks had adopted his spur-of-the-moment edict.

Recently the Judge had another brainstorm which may bring him a new kind of fame in his 80s. Watching the horses break again and again from the starting gate (he has seen more than 100,000 races), the Judge was impressed by the number that bore out or in with their very first stride, often knocking the next horse out of contention. He recalled that a few tracks had once tried starting gates with partitions extending forward for a few feet. These kept the horses straight, all right, but they often caused injuries; a horse would lurch into the partition, bruise and burn its shoulder and afterward refuse to run at all. Suppose, the Judge began to wonder, that the partitions could be restored but all the jolt and jar eliminated?

The result is a new kind of gate, patented by the Judge, with extended partitions made of a series of foam-rubber cylinders that turn freely on ball bearings. A horse that bounces into a partition feels no shock at all; the cylinders give and roll and send him harmlessly on his way. The gate now has been used at Caliente for more than 30,000 horses, and Shorty Turnbull, the official starter, swears by it. "It's that first step out of the gate that gets a horse in trouble," Turnbull says. "If you can keep him going straight until he's in stride, then he's all right."

Racing is slow to change its habits, and thus far only two other tracks have adopted the Schilling gate. But last spring no less a horseman than Fred Hooper, who has owned champions like Olympian and Admiral's Voyage, visited Caliente and got enthusiastic about it, so perhaps the Judge's day is coming. He has had plenty of other firsts in his long years of racing; it would be a fitting climax now to have one that brings him some royalties.

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A CATALOG GAGHE

At one time the mail-order catalog was the country's link with the stores in the city. But if the catalog came in with the horse and buggy, it did not go out with the jet: \$2.2 billion worth of business was done in 1963 through 3,000 catalogs. The difference now is that people in the city this Christmas as well as people in the country are poring over and ordering from an amazing diversity of catalogs. This new specialization is a boon to no one more than to the sports-minded. Craftsmen living and working in precisely the parts of the country for which the sportsman wants to outfit himself are offering sporting goods of a quality, suitability and individuality that make Christmas shopping by mail a pleasure as well as a convenience. The 80 items shown on the following pages, from do-it-yourself scrimshaw kits to collapsible home gyms, are only an indication of the variety. The best of the catalogs specializing in sport gifts, with complete names and addresses, are listed on page 60.

Start with the post-office boxes at the top (left to right). Russell bell knife and sheath, \$10, Alaska, and initial branding iron, \$4, Miller's; Italian hiking boot, \$20, Spiegel; set of casting lures, \$2.40, Werten's, and sailcloth ditty bag, \$1.50, Ritsky & Laphorn; deerskin moccasins, \$11, Nerts Thompson; flag bag, with yachting flags A-Z, numeral pendants, \$83.50, Crow's-nest; horse-and-jockey radiator ornament, \$68, Abercrombie & Fitch; hand-carved walrus-bone cribbage board, \$37.50, and whale tooth with kit for do-it-yourself scrimshaw, \$7.40, Mystic; grosgrain ribbon belts for men and women, \$4, Tennis Set; divers' gauges, \$30, \$10, \$20, New England Divers; Sierra Club stainless-steel cup, \$1, Ski Hut; floating distress light, \$20, Crow's-nest; thorny oyster shell, \$25, Seashells Unlimited; hairseal mittens, \$17, Jonas; kid's shoe nailer skates, \$7, Aldens; hunter's field leash, \$4.25, Gokey; spinning reel, \$31.50, Orvis; bocce balls, \$10 the set, Sears; magnetic fly box with 49 wet and dry flies, \$28.33, Orvis; crash helmet for cyclists, \$4,

and fingerless cycling gloves, \$5, Wheel Goods; Portable 15-ounce stove, \$8.50, Camp and Trail; handmade silver buckle, \$27.50, Western Ranchman; dashboard chronograph, \$85.50, stopwatch, \$81, eight-day clock, \$62.50, Heuer; down-filled sleeping footers for climbers, \$11, Bauer; game-bird tile, \$2.05, Gokey; Hanging: 30 x 30 Japanese bucculars, \$55, Abercrombie; Shell (left to right): plastic boat ventilator, \$23, Crow's-nest; Aschenbrenner ice saw, \$15, Ski Hut, mounted horsehead horns, \$50, Abercrombie; Little Bear bow for kids, 10-to-20-pound pull, \$18, Bouquet Archery; catch bag, open-weave nylon, \$5, New England Divers; On floor (left to right): 5½-foot salmon rod, \$142.50, Orvis; hand-milled rifle scabbard, \$60.70, Lawrence, haversack, \$10.85, Bauer; Newmarket boots, \$20, Miller's; willow creel, \$17, Abercrombie; oversize mallard decoy, \$11.65, Bauer; beaver Statton, \$20, with pheasant hat band, \$20, Bauer; western saddle for children, \$57, Spiegel; cross-country snowshoes with leather bindings, \$25, Vermont Tubbs.







The double-vamp Bird Shooter is an extra-warm all-weather boot with sealed needle holes, ideal for very wet hunting conditions. \$32, Russell.

The Fore 'n' Aft fishing cap of water-repellent tan poplin protects noses and necks with a visor extending halfway around the crown and a backdrop that goes up or down. \$1.85, Goley



This thick gray wool sweat shirt is trimmed in brown suede, comes in small, medium, large and extra-large sizes. There is double webbing at the throat and cuffs. \$16, Goley.



These heavy mackinaw trousers of double seamed 32-ounce virgin wool in Oxford gray with a red-and-green overplaid are for freezing temperatures. \$17.50, Alaska

Begin clockwise with the pheasants' brace is \$12, Maryland Gourmet Mart; antique 45-caliber Kentucky flintlock rifle, \$375, Abels; quilted-down hunting vest, \$21.50, Alaska; Little League bat, \$3.70, Sutcliffe; spinning rod in case, \$68.50, Orvis; kid's penny farthing bike, \$50, Schwarz; Bette Savage hunting boots \$62.50, Goley; sail repair kit, \$16.65, Ratsey; skateboard surfer, \$6, Spiegel; collapsible tenters, \$3, Camp and Trail; bike bag, 13 by 8 by 9 1/2 inches, \$11, Wheel Goods; Indian trapper blanket, 72 by 50, \$27, Bauer; 60-mm spotting scope, \$79.50, Ward; fiber-glass racing helmet, \$36, Ward; toboggan sled, 30 by 12 1/2 inches, with hardwood runners, \$12, Creative Playthings; saddle-leather field bag, \$15.75, Lawrence; chaps of waterproof elk, \$42.50, Western Ranchman. Prices vary with mailing distances, and there are postage and sales taxes to consider as well. The catalogs give these specifics.



This well-made duffel bag, 30 by 15 by 12 inches, in olive, is made of waterproof duck, bound and bottomed in leather. The bottom compartment unzips separately. \$43, Goley.

continued



Asky diver's jump suit comes in red, black, white, blue or gold tough cotton twill in four sizes. \$23.56, Parachutes Inc.



Members of the U.S. team used this Para-Commander Mark I canopy at championships in Germany. Chute with canopy of nylon, risers, sleeve, pilot chute is \$162 at Parachutes Inc.



This traditional Chinese butterfly kite of orange and yellow rice paper and bamboo comes in five easily assembled pieces. In flight its metallic eyes spin and reflect the sun. \$4, Takason Imports.



The Spyder Mark IV Sportster has three speeds at a twist of the handlebar and reinforced rear rim and tire, banana seat, age-hanger handlebars. \$49, Sears.



A saued deer skin slipover shirt can be worn inside or outside pants, zips to antip on left side, has faced, flapped neck opening to foil cold winds and snaps at cuffs. \$32.50, Cottage Crafts.



Water-repellent-wool rubber-rubber shirt has four pockets in front, a large game pocket with a concealed zipper. It comes in navy, green or bright red. \$19.50. Alaska.



Featherweight all-nylon day trip pack has wide web shoulder straps, a double bottom, rustproof hardware. \$11. Gerry.

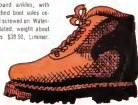


An adjustable steel gym for horse exercising folds up for easy storage, lends itself to the wide variety of exercises illustrated in manual. \$52. Sears.



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continues

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The Christmas gifts on the preceding pages are found in the catalogs of these 39 firms



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Anglo-Scandinavian San Francisco, Calif.
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Asheboro, N.C.

SPORTSMAN TRADING CO. 1000 W. 10TH ST., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C. 27101
LE TRAPPER, INC. 1000 W. 10TH ST., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C. 27101
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ALASKA SLEEPING BAG CO., 334 N.W. 11th Ave., Portland, Ore. Outdoor outfitters.

ALOENS, 5000 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago. Large selection of sportswear and sporting goods, in addition to you-name-it.

EDDIE BAUER, 417 E. Pine at Summit, Seattle. Down-filled clothes, outdoor gear.

L.L. BEAN, Freeport, Me. Own-make outdoor outdoor specialists.

BOURQUIN ARCHERY, 170 N. Blackhorse Pike, Mt. Ephraim, N.J. Archery equipment.

CAMP AND TRAIL, 112 Chambers St., New York City. Camping equipment.

COTTAGE CRAFTS SHOP, 116 N. Main, Rutland, Vt. Deerkin moccasins and clothes.

CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS, Dept. A, Princeton, N.J. Physical activity toys.

CROW'S NEST, 16 E. 40th St., New York City. Accessories for boats and boatmen.

GERRY, Box 910, Boulder, Colo.; 315 Sutter St., San Francisco. Mountain climbing and camping equipment.

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SKI HUT, 1615 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. Trail and climbing gear.

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SUTCLIFFE CO., 225 S. Fourth St., Louisville. Sporting goods.

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END



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'65 CHEVROLET—In a moment this car

For the next few paragraphs we'd like to skip the superlatives, stay with the facts, and take you through what we hope will be your next automobile.

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Carpeting from looms of luxury

We've always done a lot of bragging about our $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch-thick deep-twist carpeting—and for good reason. Every color-keyed inch of it takes to toes like expensive slippers. Even the stowage compartment in the Super Sport floor console is carpeted. Your

sunglasses never had it so good.

Electric clocks and Stereo

We played it straight with the instrument panel. It runs neatly, without a jog, from one end of the new flush-mounted (no-rubber-showing-anywhere) windshield to the other.

Within the newly designed recessed instrument cluster itself, there's an electric clock with a sweep second hand in all Impala models. The clock, along with radio and heater controls, is centrally located for both you and

your passengers. The entire area you're looking at now is subtly two-toned in your choice of seven new interior colors. And, for the first time ever, you can order a pushbutton AM-FM Stereo radio with multiple rear speakers that are strictly high-toned.

Below all this, there's a sporty full-width panel decorated with simulated walnut.

16 yards of pure comfort

There're about 16 sq. yards of vinyl inside this Impala convertible. That's



will face its most critical inspector. You.

enough material, in case you're interested, to make up to ten women's sheath dresses. Underneath your seat there are nearly two inches of extra-thick foam cushioning and a set of springs that would do the easiest of easy chairs proud.

Put all that on top of a new Full Coil suspension system and over 700 shock and sound absorbers and you're not just sitting in luxury, you're practically floating in it.

More room, too

There're over 3 more inches of shoulder

room in the front of this car. More in the back, too.

There's more "stretch-out" space. Our engineers, realizing that not too many people were getting any shorter, moved the engine forward (which is no lightweight) and designed a rugged new full-width frame. This all helped to shrink the forward and rear floor tunnels by up to 25 and 27% respectively. Now that's a lot of work for a couple of inches, but we thought you were worth it.

You'll also notice that in the rear

there's now a tempered glass convertible window. It replaces plastic and pretty well sums up our story on the '65 Chevrolet.

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





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BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Some little men who think they are Packers

They come from Wittenberg University and they haven't lost in three years. All of which proves you can be as good as you want, especially if you have a Charlie Green who passes with the best and might become a pro

Mention Ohio State or Notre Dame around Springfield, Ohio, and you will get most respectful attention, as is befitting their high station in the football world and their neighborly proximity. Mention Wittenberg University and chances are someone will buy you a drink. And mention the name of Charlie Green and you will be saluted by a peal of bells from every one of the town's 143 churches. For Charlie Green is to small-college football what Tulsa's Jerry Rhyme (page 28) is to the majors. If Green's seasonal statistics are not quite as sensational as Rhyme's, his career totals are and, like Rhyme's, they are indebted at least in part to pro-style, two-platoon football.

Unlike Tulsa, however, Wittenberg traces its enthusiasm only partially to recent events. The college's football fever can also be accounted for by a feat that took place during the early part of the century. An undergraduate named Samuel Alfred Ort (he was later to become Wittenberg's fourth president) in a moment of madness booted a football up and over all five stories of Myers Hall, the building that served as the school's dormitory, classroom, social center and administration office. Since that time Wittenberg has had the idea that football was invented there.

Last week Wittenberg once again bolstered that improbable idea. By defeating Wabash College 42-7, the school finished its third consecutive undefeated season, and you have to go back to 1959 to find a year in which the little monster lost more than one game. Not only did the win over Wabash make Wittenberg's season perfect, it made Wittenberg the first team ever to win the small-college national championship three times in a row. There are, of course, tangible reasons why tiny Wittenberg has been able to carry on in such a fashion. One is Bill Edwards, a sort of hybrid Santa Claus and Genghis Khan who came back in 1954 to coach the university from which he had graduated 23 years before

and managed to convince his slightly smallish players that they were all prime draft material for the Green Bay Packers. The fact that they are no such thing has nothing to do with it. The players think that they are and most of the time play as though they are.

And lately there has been Charlie Green, and he, for one, may actually have all the requisites necessary to play for the Packers—except about 20 pounds and a big-college press agent. Green undoubtedly is the year's best small-college quarterback and possibly one of the best in any category—big or small. His most imposing credential is a right arm that can get rid of a football so rapidly and with such accuracy that one opposing coach insists he is being aimed by an IBM computer. He completed 117 passes this year, including one good for 77 yards—50 of them in the air. All told, Green's passes have produced 21 touchdowns and 1,811 yards. For his college

career Green has 325 completions for 5,575 yards and 53 touchdowns, against almost no interceptions.

In addition to Green's accomplishments, however, Wittenberg prizes other assets: four very fast and capable ends, including Ron Duncan, who at 6 feet 6 and 225 pounds stands out like a buffalo in a poolie kennel; an offensive line that has played together for four years; and a young defense that, after a rather woolly opening game, gave up just five touchdowns for the rest of the season.

Perhaps the most puzzling aspect of this extraordinary football school is not the team but the campus. You might expect it to be about as arresting, architecturally, as a defense factory turning out lethal weapons. Not Wittenberg. It is small, neat and tree-lined, like a campus should be. The United States Information Agency has, in fact, filmed Wittenberg for the purpose of showing the world just how a small coeducational

continues



CHARLIE GREEN THROWS AGAINST AROUSED BUT OUTMATCHED WABASH OFFENSE

liberal arts university looks. Most of the time the 2,100 students work hard at a rather demanding curriculum and otherwise go to dances and paint the noses of freshmen green when they catch them without their beanie.

When it comes to football, however, nothing is normal. While other schools go about trying to win old oaken buck-ets or little brown jugs, Wittenberg gets a skull every time it beats Ohio Wesleyan. The skull was dug up under the Wesleyan field and though it is said to be Indian in origin, there are those who say it looks suspiciously like a Wittenberg receiver who dropped a pass in the end zone.

It has not always been thus. For a terrible decade (1942-52) Wittenberg was a loser. The community fell into deep gloom, and people began to find other things to do on Saturday afternoons. You could, in effect, stuff the entire homecoming crowd into a Volkswagen.

And then, after years of working hard at ruining his stomach with such teams as the Cleveland Browns and Vanderbilt, Bill Edwards returned—with fond memories of a low-keyed recruiting system (coaches are not allowed to leave the campus to woo talented high school players—good ones just turn up at practice and say, “O.K. to try out, Coach?”) and a fierce and winning tradition.

The opening day of practice, however, nearly sent Edwards back to the big time. When he told his stalwart crew, “We are going to work, butt heads and win,” he was greeted with knowing winks, and one player, he recalls, “even had the gall to laugh out loud.” It took just one afternoon to stop the winking. “It was,” admits one former player, “hard on the bones.” Not even the trousers Edwards wore, which would have been oversized on King Kong, were good for a snicker after that. As for small-college laggards, they got the same treatment as those at Vanderbilt. One in particular caught Edwards’ eye and he belted, “Get that pinhead off the field. Get someone in there who wants to play.”

“That’s your son, Coach,” an assistant informed him.

“Oh,” said Edwards. “Well, get him out of there anyway. He isn’t doing the job.”

So direct an approach had an instantaneous effect, and Wittenberg had immediate if not overwhelming success. The latter did not come until the middle

of the 1961 season, when Edwards’ regular quarterback sprained an ankle. He had no choice then but to look Charlie Green right in the eye, take a deep breath and say, “You start.”

“Green weighed 145 pounds,” Edwards says, “and when he showed up for practice on opening day I thought someone was joshing me. Then I saw him throw a ball. I went right over to my backfield coach and told him to get that skinny kid ready.”

Green was ready with two touchdown passes. That was 29 games ago and Wittenberg has not lost since. To go farther back, Green was the quarterback for a high school team that went 10-0 in his junior and senior years. In other words, Green hasn’t started in a losing game in six years.

Wittenberg did have one close call this season. In its opening game with Baldwin-Wallace, Wittenberg trailed 26-14 with just six minutes left to play. Then came three significant developments. Green ran for a touchdown, the defense came alive and stopped Baldwin-Wallace cold and Green threw the deciding

touchdown pass with only 15 seconds to play for a 28-26 win. After that nothing in the way of small-college teams could handle Wittenberg at all and the scores became 40-6, 49-0, 7 (oops)-0, then 35-0 40-14 and 40-7.

Did such a record reassure Edwards in the game last week with Wabash? Not much. First off, Wabash had let it be known that it did not think Wittenberg was invincible and had passed several signs on the home campus to prove it. Even more to the point was a pass defense that had not allowed a single touchdown all year and, finally, Green had a slightly sprained ankle. Green scored a touchdown in the first quarter and passed for another in the second. Still, it looked suspiciously like a bluff game, with Wittenberg holding a 14-7 lead at the half.

“What happened during half time?” someone asked Green later. “I got sick,” he said. Whatever he did, it worked. Green came out and immediately scored another touchdown, threw for two others, and about all that signs Wabash had left at the end were those signs saying: “Who says Wittenberg is invincible?”

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NOTRE DAME (14-1)
2. ILLINOIS (14-0) 3. OHIO STATE (14-1)

The silence in Ohio Stadium last Saturday was almost eerie. The 84,279 Ohio State rooters who were there to celebrate Dad's Day could hardly believe their eyes. There was 13-point underdog PENN STATE, a lack-luster 3-4 team from the East, bullying their unbeaten and No. 2-ranked Bucks as though they were so many chihuahuas. Quarterback Gary Wymann prodded them off balance with little sideline passes, Fullback Tom Urbaniuk burrowed through their celebrated defense and Halfback Don Kunt romped for two touchdowns. Even more upsetting, the charging Penn State defense so thoroughly intimidated the Bucks that they did not get a first down until the game was almost 10 minutes into the third quarter. When it was all over, Ohio State counted up its humiliations: a mere 33 yards rushing, a totally unexpected 27-0 thrashing and their first shut-out in 45 games.

If Ohio State lost face, it did not lose its Big Ten lead. And it can thank MICHIGAN STATE for that. The Spartans, after giving up

a first-quarter touchdown to Purdue's Randy Minnick, manhandled the shocked Boilermakers. They ran over them for 302 yards, Halfback Clinton Jones scored twice, and State took the game 21-7. Said Duffy Daugherty, recalling that Purdue knocked him out of the Rose Bowl in 1957 and 1961, “We were just repaying the favor.”

MICHIGAN, which plays Ohio State November 21, suddenly had Rose Bowl potentialities as Illinois, coached by Pete Elliott, lost for the fifth straight time to brother Bump's Wolverines. Michigan used an intercepted pass and a fumble to set up two touchdowns, on a 15-yard run by sophomore Carl Ward and a 24-yard pass from Quarterback Bob Timberlake to Jim Detweiler, as it won 21-6. It was meaningless to the Big Ten race, but MINNESOTA and NORTHWESTERN managed upsets. The Gophers edged Iowa 14-13 when they burned Gary Snook's pass for two points, while North Western surprised Wisconsin 17-13.

“We'll try to control the game with our running against Kansas,” mused NEBRASKA's Bob Devaney last week. “We won't throw the ball just to amuse people.” So, with

second and eight on the Nebraska eight-yard line late in the first quarter, Quarterback Bob Churchich threw long to End Freeman White and the play went 92 yards for a touchdown. After that the twentynine-point scores, Ron Oelschlaeger going over for Kansas and Bob Hopplung one yard for the Huskers. The Jayhawkers got to the Nebraska one in the last period, but the Huskers held for a 14-7 victory and a solid grip on the Big Eight title. Now all Nebraska has to do is beat OKLAHOMA STATE, a 31-7 winner over Wichita, and OKLAHOMA, which throttled Iowa State 30-0.

Passing records fell like autumn leaves as TULSA's Jerry Rhyme (page 28) led the Hurricanes past Memphis State 19-7. HOWLING GREEN, meanwhile, clinched the Mid-American championship. The powerful Falcons whopped Marshall 28-0 for their eighth straight, while WESTERN MICHIGAN was upsetting second-place Ohio U. 13-8.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (7-0)
2. LSU (6-1) 3. FLORIDA STATE (6-1)

ALABAMA and LSU came to grips at Birmingham's Legion Field before 68,000, the largest crowd ever to watch any event in the state of Alabama, and the prize was the Southeastern Conference championship. Alabama's Bear Bryant knew that he could win with defense. LSU's Charlie McClendon, who learned his football from The Bear, thought passing was his game. The Bengals' Pat Screan and Billy Ezell put the ball in the air 40 times, and 22 times Alabama knocked it down. "Bama also intercepted three, one leading to a 33-yard run-back by Hudson Harts for the score that put the game away 17-9.

Florida's Ray Graves learned a painful lesson: never let a 145-pound kicking specialist get his hands on the ball. GEORGIA'S Bobby Eiler, an A-plus math student, in the game to try a field goal from the 12-yard line, picked up a fumbled center snap, saw a patch of daylight and ran through the Gators for the touchdown that beat them 14-7.

Georgia Tech, living on borrowed time in recent weeks, finally paid up, losing to TENNESSEE 22-14. The Vols, down 14-3 in the last period, suddenly came to life under the firm hands of sub Quarterback David Leake. He threw a 23-yard pass to Al Tanara for a touchdown, then moved his team 20 yards to put the Vols ahead 15-14. "I never had a group go so far on so little," Coach Bobby Dodd said.

AUBURN, still struggling, put tilting Jimmy Side at wingback and scored its first touchdown against an SEC team. It was more than enough to beat Mississippi State 12-3. KENTUCKY can thank End John Andriehetti for a 22-21 win over Vanderbilt. He intercepted a pass, recovered a fumble and then

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Brian Piccolo, rugged Wake Forest fullback who leads the nation's rushers, thumped for 115 yards in 36 carries, caught three passes for 46 yards and scored all his team's points in 20-7 upset of Duke.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Glenn Resler, 235-pound Penn State middle guard, was the ringleader of a raring rush that smashed Ohio State's running game. As offensive center, he also opened gaping holes for the Lion backs.

caught Vandy Quarterback Dave Waller behind the line to thwart a two-point conversion try in the last minute, Mississippi, playing its second- and third-stringers, trounced Tampa 36-0. Tulane ran into passing trouble, Miami's Bob Brienkoff providing all of it as he led the Hurricanes to a 21-0 victory.

Navy Coach Wayne Hardin thought he had a victory neatly salted away when Roger Staubach, passing superbly, pitched three scoring passes to put the Midies ahead of Maryland 22-21. But the Terps' Kenny Ambrusko spoiled the day. He took a kick-off back 101 yards to beat Navy 27-22. Naturally that disturbed Hardin, but what bothered him even more was Maryland's Jerry Fishman, who had aroused the corps of midshipmen with his spirited play. "He is a disgrace to the game," ranted Hardin. Maryland's Tom Nugent admitted that Fishman might have been "a little wild-eyed," but said, "I can't chastise him publicly. I didn't see him do anything deliberate."

Duke's bubble was ruptured again, this time by Wake Forest's Brian Piccolo, who singlehandedly beat the Blue Devils 20-7. North Carolina State, the Atlantic Coast leader, also lost, to VIRGINIA TECH 28-19. NORTH CAROLINA put down Clemson 29-0, while VIRGINIA edged William & Mary 14-13.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (6-2)
2. PENN STATE (4-4) 3. EDOTON COLLEGE (4-2)

SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder admitted last week that he did not plan anything fancy when he brought his team to New York's Yankee Stadium to face Army—and he proved a man of his word. With bruising runners like 220-pound Fullback Jim Nance and Quarterback Wiley Mahle, who passes about as well and as often as a Civil War statue, and a punishing line ahead of them, Syracuse crushed the Army line for 229 yards to win 27-15. But the game was by no means as pit as the score. Army actually had the lead, 15-14, in the third quarter before Syracuse's superior, unfanciful weight decided matters for good. Nance rammed over from the two, Mahle scored from the four and a fine performance by Army's Rolfe Stechweh was only a memory.

Unbeaten NOTRE DAME seemed sure to win its seventh straight when it rushed to a 14-0 lead over Pitt in the first quarter. The big play was Quarterback Johnny Huarte's 91-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Nick Eddy. But Pitt had notions other than quick death. Reverting to their old grudging offense, the Panthers forced the Notre Dame linebacks to slide with a man in motion and then zoomed Fullback Barry McKnight inside on belly plays, slants and traps while Quarterback Freddy Mazurek occasionally took the ball to the opposite side on keepers. McKnight scored in the first and fourth quarters, but in between Notre Dame's Joe Azzano kicked a 30-yard field goal and the Irish led 17-15 with 11 minutes to go. Pitt actually might have won. With fourth and one on Notre Dame's 16, the Panthers surprisingly went for the first down instead of a field goal. Mazurek failed to make the yard, and the Irish, who had given up only 183 ground yards in six games but were breeched for 199 by the methodical Pitts, eased out of their toughest fight this year.

Villanova, another undefeated team, was not as lucky. For more than 57 minutes the Wildcats' blitzing line, led by Tackle Al Atkinson and Guard Mike Strofolino, trounced BOSTON COLLEGE shamefully. Then BC's Don Moran blocked a kick on the Villanova 16. Halfback Jim McGowan ran over from the three, Quarterback Ed Foley rolled out for two points, and Villanova had its first loss 8-7.

The Ivy League was down to one game—PRINCETON against YALE this Saturday. The unbeaten Tigers shut out Harvard 16-0 as Charlie Gogolak kicked three field goals; Yale, undefeated but tied, beat Penn 21-9. In other games BROWN outscored CORNELL 31-28 in a marvelous game in which each side led three times before Brown went ahead to stay with three minutes left, and DARTMOUTH drubbed COLUMBIA 31-14.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (5-1)
2. TEXAS (7-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (6-1)

If there is anything that TEXAS' Darrell Royal distrusts more than a 53 bill it is the pass. But, with his Longhorns down 14-13 to Baylor and 73 yards of "tough grants" (his words) ahead in the last quarter, Royal told Quarterback Mark Kristynik to throw. Kristynik reacted as though he had been throwing all his life, completing three for three for 60 yards, the last a 25-yarder with 1:51 to go that End George Sauer grabbed for the touchdown that beat the Bears 20-14.

ARKANSAS' sharp Razorbacks, who do almost everything right, intended to test their passing game against Rice. But it came up rain and they switched with commendable effect to the ground. Tailback Jack Braswell waded 121 yards on 26 carries, and Bobby

continued

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that stays lit



COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Burnett, his goal-line yeh, leaped across for two touchdowns. Meanwhile, Linebacker Ronnie Caveness and the rest of the quick Poker line shut off every Rice drive short of midfield. Arkansas won easily 21-0, for its ninth in a row.

TEXAS A&M finally found a team it could beat. The Aggies pounced on four SMU fumbles, turned three of them into touchdowns and took the Mustangs 23-0. TEXAS Tech's Donnie Anderson had a field day against West Texas State. He ran for 134 yards, scored once on a seven-yard dash and twice on passes from Tommy Wilson, who also threw for a third touchdown, as Tech romped 48-0.

FLORIDA STATE, leading 13-0, suddenly found HOUSTON troublesome. Quarterback Bo Harris went over from the one, kicked the extra point and paced Houston into position for Dick Post's 18-yard dash to the tying touchdown. But this time he missed the extra point, and the Cougars had to settle for a 13-13 tie.

THE WEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON STATE (1-1)
2. OREGON (0-1-1) 3. UCC (0-2)**

OREGON STATE, busy with Rose Bowl plans, almost neglected the business at hand, beating Indiana and becoming the first West Coast team to take a Big Ten member this year. Off to a bad start, the Beavers let Indiana's Rich Rader penetrate their usually reliable defenses with two touchdown passes in the first half. Fortunately, sophomore Paul Brothers, despite some very sore ribs, matched those with a pair of his own. Then Oregon State tightened up. Its secondary muscled in on Rader's receivers, Steve Clark kicked a 34-yard field goal, Brothers ran for a score and the Beavers pulled it out 24-14 to make it one in eight for the

Coasters against the Midwesterners in 1964. UCC, still not out of the bowl picture, bumbled along with Stanford as each team lost the ball four times on fumbles. But stubby little Mike Garrett, barreling through the Indians for 92 yards, scored twice to save the day for the Trojans 15-10.

OREGON had real problems. With Quarterback Bob Berry on the bench nursing his injured shoulder, Coach Len Casanova decided to abandon his flanker, three-end offense and go back to the T and slot in an effort to arouse his anemic ground game. It failed. The Ducks needed sophomore Mike Brundage's green but good paving (20 of 36 for 239 yards and two touchdowns) to salvage a 21-21 tie with WASHINGTON STATE.

WASHINGTON, looking better too late, figured that California's defenses were just about right for Junior Coffey's off-tackle slashes. So the Huskies ran Halfbacks Charley Browning and Ron Medved and No. 2 Fullback Jeff Jordan around the Bear flanks and they built a 21-3 half-time lead. Just in time, too, Cal's arifful Craig Morton, who survived a smothering rush to complete 20 of 39 passes, got the Bears a couple of scores and almost caught Washington before losing 21-16.

AIR FORCE put away its passing game and built a running attack around Fullback Steve Andor for UCLA. It was all too much for the Bruins, who went down 24-15. UTAH STATE had a 20-17 lead over WYOMING with three seconds to go. Then George Squires, a Bruin who plays soccer all week and football on Saturdays, kicked a 17-yard field goal to give the Cowboys a 20-20 tie. Utah, meanwhile, crushed Brigham Young 47-13 to tie Wyoming for the Western AC title. ARIZONA, which can still tie, too, just made it past Idaho 14-7, while ARIZONA STATE beat Kansas State 21-10.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Michigan State over Notre Dame.* An upset. State has a knack with the Irish.

Michigan over Iowa. The Wolverines need this one to stay alive in the Big Ten.

Purdue over Minnesota. So does Purdue. A tougher defense will keep the Gophers down.

Nebraska over Oklahoma State. The unbeaten Hunkers will go all the way after all.

Bowling Green over Ohio U. Dory Perry's Falcons already have the Mid-American title.

Alabama over Georgia Tech. Bama has too many weapons for Tech.

Florida State over North Carolina State. Tensi's passing will win for the Seminoles.

Oregon over Indiana. The Hoosiers give up too many points. And Oregon has Berry.

Oregon State over Stanford. State, with the Rose Bowl in sight, shouldn't boggle here.

Princeton over Yale. A simple case of too many and too good.

OTHER GAMES

AUBURN OVER GEORGIA
DAYTON OVER KENTUCKY
GEORGE COLLEGE OVER MIAMI**
CALIFORNIA OVER UTAH
MISSOURI OVER OKLAHOMA
NAVY OVER DUKE
PITT OVER ARMY
STRACQUE OVER VIRGINIA TECH
TEXAS OVER TCU
WASHINGTON OVER WOLA

*National TV **Friday night game

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

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BOATING/Hugh Whall

Desert full of motorboats

Only a damp patch in the sand, 200 feet below ocean level, California's
Salton Sea last week provided a fierce test for U.S. powerboat racers

By now almost everyone must have
seen the movie cartoon about the
desert highway. The hero (Porky Pig?
Bugs Bunny?) pulls up to a crossroads in
an endless, empty expanse. He looks to
the right, but there is no one in sight.
He looks to the left. Nothing. So he
cautiously steps on the gas to cross and,
wham! he is promptly flattened by a car
that zooms out of nowhere.

That's the way it was at Salton City,
Calif., last week as this waste of wilder-
ness suddenly exploded into a bedlam
of Cadillac, trailers, sightseers, motor-
cycles, motor scooters and weird desert-
crossing contraptions known locally as
"sand buggies."

Salton City isn't really a city at all, only
a big bubble blown up by real-estate
promoters on California Highway 86
alongside a sea that isn't a sea. It normally
consists of a few houses, a church, a
restaurant, half a golf course, two motels
and a yacht club. But last week it was
playing host for the fourth time to the
annual Salton City 500 Marathon power-
boat race, and 60,000 cars were jamming
the highway to get to it.

Not yet given official recognition by
any of the authorized powerboat racing
associations, the Salton City 500, the
only race of its kind, has nevertheless
succeeded during the four short years of
its existence in capturing the imagination
of the nation's top racing drivers. Most
of them have come to consider it the
sport's major test of driving skill.

Some 189 boats, both inboard and
outboard, were entered last week, and
many had famous drivers. Among them
were Pilot-Builder Rudy Ramos, Mickey
Thompson of racing-car fame and As-
tronaut Gordon Cooper, who was driv-
ing a boat owned by the turf's Ogden
(Dunny) Phipps. When asked how the
National Aeronautics and Space Ad-

ministration felt about one of its stars
going into orbit on the water, Dunny
answered, "They can't say much about
it. He's on his vacation." "There's not
much difference between a space capsule
and a boat," said Cooper himself. "They
both go fast."

The Salton Sea, on which Astronaut
Cooper was testing his mettle last week,
is actually an inland lake whose surface
is some 234 feet below the level of the
real sea, 100 miles to the west. Learning
this fact, one eager newspaperwoman
called up the Marathon's press-relations
officer before the race began and asked,
"Could you tell me more about this race
that takes place underwater?"

But despite the fact that it seems
less like a body of water than a damp
patch in the desert, the "sea" is wide
enough—34 by 15 miles—and deep
enough—40 feet—to provide first-class
competition for the racing addicts whose
weakness lies in driving small—under
25 feet—boats across the water at speeds
up to 80 miles per hour. From east,
west and south, they drag their boats
in along Route 86 behind sleek Cadil-
lacs and Ford T-Birds to bivouac
along the south shore of the sea in a
kind of western Arab oasis of aluminum
trailers. Many of them had from other
parts of California, but there are some
from as far away as South Carolina and
Florida. The principal attraction is an
aggregate purse of about \$25,000 to be
split among the winning boats—or what
is left of them—after the grueling run of
500 miles. The favored candidates to
win these prizes were stenciled on T
shirts almost everywhere you looked.
Some urged on the *Orange Crate*, others
plumped for *Tiny Tim*. Echoing the late
political campaign, one set of T shirts
blared "All the way with BSA." In this
desert watering spot the T shirt with



SOME OF THE 50 BOATS SWEEP AROUND A TURN OF THE MARATHON COURSE

nothing written on it at all was as rare as a sea gull.

As a race, the 500 is the most orderly, punctual and best-organized motorboat event in the country. It has to be to cope with the avalanche of entries it attracts. Of the 180 or more who hope to capture a prize, more than 100 are sifted out in the qualifying heats on the first and second days of the racing over shorter courses. The marathon proper begins on Saturday at noon, continues for four hours and starts again on Sunday morning.

Early last Saturday morning, before the 500-mile run began, the once-deserted desert waterfront suddenly became a hiving shantytown of jerry-built racing pits. They were set up 100 feet or more off the beach on everything from derelict barges to spidery scaffolding, and all of them were groaning under the weight of gasoline transported by men—and a few women—who waded out from shore carrying cans of the fuel to feed the boats.

How the racers identified their own pits was one of the minor mysteries of the event, but during the race each one would come zigzagging in, narrowly missing the wading gas porters, lay his boat alongside a pit identified with colored balloons or some such signal, gas up and be off again in almost as brief a time as it might take an auto racer at Indianapolis.

The most efficient pit belonged to overall favorite Mike Wallace, a 23-year-old

USC senior. His pit crew did not have to hither to lug their gas all the way out from shore. They had a pipe line and simply pumped it out. There were several other supposed favorites, but Mike's price in the Calcutta betting pool was what counted. He went for a cool \$30 to win. Astronaut Cooper was being bid in at \$12, and you could get Mickey Thompson for a mere \$5.

Mike's special 17-foot Rayson Craft *Tiny Tim* was put together as if money were no object, as indeed it wasn't. Parts that would normally be constructed of baser metals were made of stainless steel, and every unit in the engine was X-rayed to guard against flaws. Mike had prepared himself for the grueling run by a stern regimen of weight lifting. He was the only driver who planned to go the whole 500-mile route without a relief driver.

"I'm going to go along at 5,000 revs in the middle of the afternoon," he said. "Then press later in the day when the water smooths down." Just before the race began, Wallace bowed his head as he took the wheel of his gleaming white craft and, without affectation, prayed. But neither care nor planning nor prayer did any good. Before the four hours' racing of the first day was done, one of Wallace's split-proof stainless fittings had split and Mike was falling back fast. After two pit stops he was still among the leaders, but already 14 laps behind first-place Rudy Ramos from Gardena, who built the boat Mike was driving

continued



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BOATING

and whose boats held seven of the first 10 places.

Sixty-six laps off the pace, Mickey Thompson was as good as out of it, but, with help from Co-driver Chuck Daigh, Gordon Cooper was hanging in strong only eight laps off the pace in fourth place as Saturday's run drew to a close. Then Chuck cracked a cylinder block, and though Cooper worked all night to make repairs it did no good.



GORDON COOPER HAD BAD LUCK AFLOAT

When the race resumed again on Sunday, the astronaut was scrubbed.

The wind was blowing briskly across the desert Sunday, and the sea was kicking up a real fuss. One by one, smaller boats like Wallace's 17-footer were knocked out of competition. But Rudy Ramos' bigger, tougher, Allison-powered 22-footer *Phyll-Cream Puff* plowed through lap after lap without a murmur. Ramos had taken no chances. All summer long he had been putting his boat through her paces in the roughest Pacific seas he could find to make sure she could take it. She could and did. With about half of the fleet swamped or otherwise discommoded, *Phyll-Cream Puff* swept easily across the finish line at a little before 2:30 on Sunday afternoon a good two laps ahead of runner-up Doug Fowler, driving another Ramos boat. Rudy himself was not at the wheel. His relief man, roly-poly Ed Olsen, a baker whose trade gave the boat its name, finished the race in 7 hours 26 minutes 58.2 seconds to set a new course record by one hour and 10 minutes. **END**

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tiny no naked eye
can see it.

To perfect even
this microscopic
amount of oil,
Hamilton built its
own oil refinery.

Tubes. Pipes. The works. Just for
one microscopic amount of oil. Seems like madness in this
day of Instant Everything.

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Isn't that exactly what makes a Hamilton like this
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You're darned right.

Hamilton.

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And that's what we mean.

There's nothing but

(tick
tick
tick)

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an honest to goodness Hamilton.

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PRO FOOTBALL / *Tex Maule*

The ball game that never was

Gary Cuzzo, Baltimore's second-string quarterback, passes to Ray Berry for the final touchdown. The score: Baltimore 48, Buffalo 7

Scrawled untidily on the wall outside one of the dressing rooms at the football stadium in Buffalo is a small legend which reads, hopefully, "Bung on the Colts." The Bills have proved pretty conclusively that they are the best team in the American Football League this year, and the enthusiastic Buffalo fans sincerely believe they could whip the top team in the National Football League as well. At the moment that would be the Baltimore Colts.

The loyalty and enthusiasm of the Buffalo fans, however, seem to overshadow their judgment. Should they get their wish—which they will not, since the NFL remains adamant in its refusal to recognize the rival league—the fans would see the Bills' winning streak brought to an abrupt and decisive halt. The score would be something like 48-7—or higher, if Colt Coach Don Shula used his first string units all the way.

The Bills' owner, Ralph Wilson, Jr., has indeed built a good team in Buffalo. In the next few years, if he continues to draft as intelligently as he has in the past and to spend money as freely in signing his draft choices, the Bills will be on a par with NFL teams.

An assistant AFL coach recently pinpointed the principal difference in the leagues. "No one has had a chance to establish continuity on defense," he said. "To do that, you must keep a defense reasonably intact for four, maybe five years. When I played in the NFL, I played on a unit which had been together that long, and it was a good one. If we made changes in personnel it was one man or at the most, two. We reached a point where communication among the veterans, in the backfield and in the line, was instinctive. I knew precisely how the man beside me would react to any situation. He knew I would protect him and how I would. When a rookie moved into the lineup, we talked to him constantly

during a game. We knew all the offenses and we could warn him what to look for. We knew our own defense so well that we did not have to think about that, either. When you have to stop and think of your assignment on every play, it costs you a split second of reaction time, and this game is made up of split-second reactions. You don't have that much time to waste."

Although Buffalo is one of the most stable teams in the AFL, the personnel turnover has been far greater than on any NFL club. For example, the only player still on the team who was on the original roster in 1960 is Elbert Dubenion, the line flanker. The rest of the club has been acquired since then so that no unit—offensive, defensive, special—has had the time to develop the intuitive play which is necessary for a pro club to become a championship team in the NFL.

As is true of all AFL clubs, the Buffalo team suffers most on pass defense. With John Unitas throwing to Raymond Berry, Leany Moore or John Mackey, the Buffalo pass defense would look even worse than it did two weeks ago when Houston's George Blanda threw 68 passes against the Bills and completed 37 of them.

Conversely, Dubenion, who has averaged nearly 30 yards per catch against defenders in the AFL, would find no one in the Baltimore secondary easy to beat. For instance, in the first game the Bills and Jets played this year, Dubenion beat rookie Bill Pasik for two long touchdown passes and was open deep on two other occasions.

In a position-by-position comparison of the two teams, the Colts rate better than the Bills in almost every case. Unitas, of course, is a far better quarterback, both as a signal caller and as a passer, than either Kemp or Lamonia. Lamonia is potentially a fine quarterback, but he is only in his second year. Even if

he threw as well as Unitas and released the ball as quickly—which he does not—he would still be years away from acquiring Unitas' finesse as a field general. Kemp has neither the arm nor the tactical sense, although he has been in pro football for eight years.

The Colts hold as big an edge in pass receivers. In Berry, Mackey and Orr, they have three receivers who are thoroughly familiar with the Unitas pattern of throwing. More to the point, Unitas has thrown to the three of them so often that he knows almost by instinct precisely where they will be on every play. Unlike Kemp or Lamonica, who usually throw after a receiver has made his break because they are not absolutely sure where he will wind up, Unitas often throws while Berry or Orr is still faking, hanging the ball in the air at a point he knows they will reach a second later.

Dubemon is as fast or faster than any of the Colt receivers, but the inept AFL pass defenders have not forced him to learn the moves that the Colt receivers have had to develop against the established secondaries in the NFL. Dubemon and Glenn Buss, the other Buffalo receiver, would be met by a Colt secondary defense which has been together for four years—with the exception of Jerry Logan, who is in his second season. The Colt receivers, on the other hand, would encounter a Buffalo secondary that is playing its first season as a unit. It is a secondary, too, with a rookie on the right corner and another at safety. Berry and Orr have, at one time or another in their careers, put several rookies on waivers when the youngsters were assigned to cover them man to man. It is safe to say that George Byrd and Hugood Clarke would spend a long afternoon trying unsuccessfully to cover either Colt.

The Bills more nearly approach the caliber of the Colts in running backs, but the Baltimore defense could set up to stop the Buffalo running game, knowing that their secondary defense could easily contain the Buffalo passing. The Colts are deeper in good running backs than the Bills. With Jerry Hill, Lenny Moore, Tom Matte, Tony Lorick and Joe Don Looney, they have five exceptional runners who more than match the Bills' pair—Cookie Gilchrist and rookie Bob Smith. And the Bills certainly could not set their defense to contain the Colt

continued



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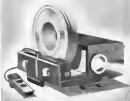
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PRO FOOTBALL

running at the expense of conceding to the secondary the task of smothering Unitas' passes.

With a wide edge both in passing and running, Baltimore would control the ball for most of the game. When a team can establish this kind of ball control the damaging effect on the opposing defense is greatly increased, since the defense spends a disproportionate amount of time on the field and gets little rest.

The Colts would score easily enough early in the game, and by the fourth period the Bill defense would be worn out. It is not a deep defensive team, and the first-string players would have been in action some three-fourths of the time. In its final minutes the game would become a rout.

It will be at least three years before the Bills—or any other AFL team, for that matter—develop the resources in talent and in experience to play a team like Baltimore on nearly even terms. For most of the other teams in the AFL, the make-ready time is nearer five years. In its first three years of existence, the AFL had three or four teams that drafted poorly and one—the old New York Titans—that signed only five draft choices. The pool of player talent in the league suffered, and the image of the league was a poor one. This gave the NFL a powerful leverage in signing college stars—the really good football players who had pride in their ability. They signed with the NFL to prove themselves, even when the money offered by the two leagues was the same.

The image has improved in the last two years, since Sonny Werblin bought the New York club. Now the addition of NBC television money to bolster the bidding of the not-so-rich AFL teams will enhance it further. NBC has offered to advance money against television payments (they begin in 1965) to assist the poorer clubs in the draft war, which will be a bloody one, at the end of this season.

With a larger share of good football players signed in the draft and with a sound nucleus of good players on each team, the AFL should improve rapidly. But neither the Bills nor the AFL are yet strong enough to press for a game with the NFL champions.

The handwriting is indeed on the wall, but not scrawled outside the Bills' 1964 dressing room in War Memorial Stadium.

END



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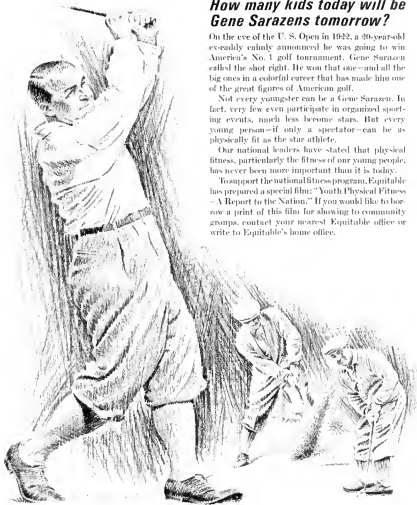
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AMERICA

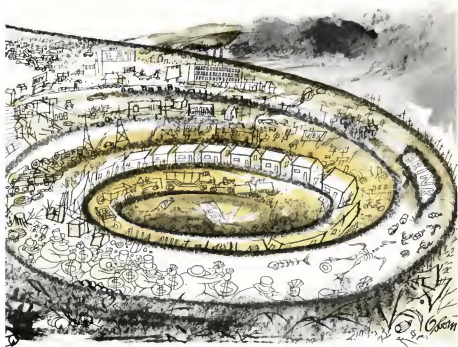


The author, long an ardent conservationist and now a very worried one as well, rises in personal and purposeful wrath to denounce those he calls the spoilers of the country. He itemizes the vastness of their wreckage—past and planned—and he mourns for an America that he fears is lost forever

CONTINUED

DOWN THE DRAIN

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE



This may be the era and the generation and perhaps even the very year that the United States of America, in all its natural glory, goes down the drain. The more I see, the more I am forced to conclude that from New York to California, from Florida to Alaska, much of what is lovely, rich and real about the U.S. is scheduled for wholesale destruction or defacement. Almost everywhere America the beautiful is becoming America the ugly, the wadded, the blasted and the blighted, the home of the neon sign, the superduper highway (leading from no place to nowhere), the billboard ("Billboards are the art gallery of the public," purrs Burr L. Robbins, president of the General Outdoor Advertising Co., Inc.), foaming detergents, the used-car lot, the useless dam, the monotonous housing tract, the hot dog stand and stinking pollution galore. Indeed, according to a recent book by Peter Blake, the U.S. can now lay proud claim to the title of God's Own Junkyard. We have, in short, become a nation of pigs. Hello, pigs.

Practically all the carnage going on is being conducted in the name of some kind of alleged progress. If this "progress" were true progress, no one could have cause for complaint. But, in fact, "progress" has come to stand for stupidity, greed, graft, malice and moral debasement. We have imperiled the charms of our cities; now the countryside is to be laid waste. The culprits are everywhere: highway builders, conscienceless real estate dealers, fast-buck artists, contractors, ignorant state governments, the Federal Government, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Army Corps of Engineers ("the lobby that can't be licked"), gutless politicians of all stripes, breeds and parties, power interests (public and private), industry, labor unions and even conservationists, who, by lack of unity and purpose, have permitted much of the wreckage to occur.

It is true that Congress, in wisdom assembled at its last session, passed the Wilderness Bill, but such legislation—by no means perfect—has next to no effect on the bulk of 190 million Americans. As William H. Whyte, the author of *The Organization Man* and now an associate of the American Conservation Association, remarked in *The Exploding Metropolis*, "The fact that there will remain thousands of acres of, say, empty land in Wyoming is not going to help the man living in Teaneck, New Jersey." Indeed, there are many times when a Midwesterner or Easterner gets the sick feeling that the Federal Government does not give a hoot about him at all, except at income tax time. For some odd reason, Westerners fall heir to the important administrative posts and congressional chairmanships concerning natural resources, and all federal eyes seem to be focused on Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and the other desert, mountain and prairie states. Thus, in respectable Washington parlance, the Department of the Interior is known seriously as the Department of the West. And thus, too, the late Senator

Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, the king of the pork barrel, who was wont to denounce what he called "ass-thetics," was able to get Congress on the road to spending more than \$1 billion to turn a burg known as Catoosa, Okla. into a major port, even though it is 316 miles from the Mississippi.

Above and beyond self-serving politicking, many Westerners seem to have an ingrained loathing for the East. They not only hate "Wall Street" and the so-called eastern "Establishment," they have an actual physical dislike for the eastern landscape, city or country. It looks "different," it looks "strange," it is "too green." This feeling affects both conservatives and liberals. Barry Goldwater once said, "Sometimes I think that this country would be better off if we could just saw off the Eastern Seaboard and let it float out to sea." And Stewart Udall, the Secretary of the Interior and a fellow Arizonian, is so "depressed" by New York that he finds it all but impossible to spend the night there. On one occasion Udall packed up and left the Waldorf-Astoria for Washington because he was undone by the man-made "canyons." Not that all this has helped the West much, for it is starting to match the East, power line for custard stand.

In many ways it is strange that the dismemberment of the U.S. continues, for significant numbers of influential Americans are concerned about it. Their concern is presented in various ways. It is expressed by Edward Durrell Stone, the architect, who recently said, "If you look around you, and you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide." It is expressed by the public interest in such books as Blake's *God's Own Junkyard*, Jane Jacobs' *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, the late Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and Udall's own *The Quiet Crisis*. It is expressed by numerous biologists who are appalled by the plunder and waste. Unfortunately, if they happen to be in federal or state employ, they speak only "off the record" to an interested reporter. They know from experience that, should a biologist say too much publicly, he will suffer retaliation from politicians, power interests, highway men or cannery owners, any one of whom can reach into the civil service or even a university to damage a career.

This concern over the desecration of the landscape is also expressed by angry amateur nature lovers, such as the New Mexicans who saved down billboards on the highway leading from Santa Fe to Los Alamos. (An unknown Canadian, who calls himself the Poetic Carpenter, has gone the New Mexicans one better. Last summer he cut down five billboards along a scenic highway near Kelowna, B.C., leaving behind each time a copy of Ogden Nash's poem: "I think that I shall never see / A billboard lovely as a tree. / Perhaps, unless the billboards fall, / I'll never see a tree at all.")

The concern displays itself in countless emergency groups that have been organized all over the country to meet

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specific threats—a highway, a dam, a “sanitary landfill” of a life-giving marsh. All too often, however, their efforts are too little and too late. Yet the shocking fact is that where the effort is strong, it still has little effect. Somehow representative government seems to have broken down. In instance after instance, politicians, government bureaus and courts ignore the demands of citizens while they grant a curious immunity to money-grabbers and polluters of the most despicable sort even when the grossest violation of law or precedent is involved.

Last year, for instance, the National Parks Association, a private group, went to court to try to stop the flooding of Rainbow Bridge National Monument in Utah. The association carried the fight to a U.S. District Court, which dismissed the case on the grounds that the association was acting on the behalf of only “the public generally.” The U.S. Supreme Court refused to review the decision. When the association protested against the wholesale poisoning of fish in the Green River in Colorado and Wyoming—a poisoning which, predictably, got out of hand—it prepared to print a report on the subject. But, as Anthony Wayne Smith, president and general counsel of the National Parks Association, was “troubled” to report to his trustees, the “manuscript submitted for publication in the [National Parks] Magazine on the Green River poisoning was withdrawn under pressure from the Park Service.” The Park Service contended the manuscript included material developed under a research grant from the Service which contained a clause prohibiting “disclosure without permission.”

Evasion follows suppression. Take, for instance, the six-lane superhighway that would wipe out 46 acres of land and pretty little Crum Creek on the campus of Swarthmore College outside Philadelphia. This admittedly is a small piece of ground, but worthy of thought inasmuch as it is one of the few open spaces for miles. The president of Swarthmore, Courtney Smith, attaches such importance to this land that he mentioned its impending destruction last June at commencement exercises attended by Lyndon Johnson. “For eight years,” Smith said, “the college has fought a case which is really that of every college and university. For the controversy over the Midcounty Expressway, which links so dramatically the causes of conservation and a college’s need for land, is being followed with concern by colleges and universities all over the country, which see in this threat to land preserved for educational purposes an alarming precedent as the federal interstate road-building program proceeds. Nearly a year ago the Federal Bureau of Public Roads told the state that it must ‘shift its alignment for the route in order to avoid affecting Swarthmore College property to the maximum extent possible.’ But the Pennsylvania Department of Highways has shown no disposition to make significant changes to meet the condition imposed by the Federal Bureau.”

Perhaps the best (or worst) case of the breakdown of

representative government concerns the scheduled destruction of an 18-mile stretch of the Beaver Kill and its tributary, Willowemoc Creek, in the Catskills for a four-lane superhighway. These are the two most famous trout streams in the country—in fact, the nation’s original dryly streams—but the New York State Department of Public Works has declared that it will not only run the highway along the banks of the streams but will crisscross them 12 times with cement bridges. The Milquetous state conservation department approves. Several thousand residents of the area, many of whom are dependent upon tourists for their livelihood, have signed a petition requesting that the highway be built on a natural bench higher up in the valley, thus sparing the streams. So far, the petition has elicited no response whatever from the politicians, and the highway men contend such a route would cost an additional \$1.9 million. Even if their figure of \$1.9 million is correct (and it is open to question), the extra cost would be well worth it, because these two streams could not be duplicated for 20 or even 200 times that price. Moreover, the voters in New York State have approved recent referendums appropriating \$100 million for the purchase of desperately needed recreation lands. Doubtless the legislature will try to make amends for ruining the streams by buying the estate of some out-of-office pol pal, and turning it into a park.

Here is a sampling of just a few more glories that are doomed:

- Practically all that is left of an original 25-mile strip of the unique Indiana Dunes country on the south shore of Lake Michigan is about to be torn further asunder by steel mills. This will turn the area, now a haven for city-weary Chicagoans, into grimy towns like Gary, Hammond and Whiting. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois and Senators Vance Hartke and Birch Bayh of Indiana are protesting this grab of what has been called “a scientific trust for the world,” but most of the dunes are doomed. It is apparently impossible to block the steel companies, for they have mastered too much political muscle for even Messrs. Douglas, Hartke and Bayh. One steel company official bragged, “Charlie Halleck will be our spokesman.” Charlie, who not so incidentally is Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, has been.

- The Potomac River Basin, a remarkable refuge not only for wildlife but for people, is—if the Army Corps of Engineers has its way—to be dammed and dammed and dammed a total of 16 times to build what is called a chain of “drawdown reservoirs,” which are supposedly needed to maintain the Washington, D.C. water supply, control floods and abate pollution. “Drawdown” is the bureaucratic way of saying mudhole. The mudholes will bear 80,000 acres of land and cost \$500 million, but then the Corps, which is the working arm of the congressional pork barrel, has long specialized in superboondoggles.

- Delaware Bay, one of the greatest wildlife grounds in the world and home of a \$7 million-a-year fish and oyster

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industry, is endangered by the proposed construction of a Shell Oil refinery at isolated Blackbird Hundred. This is two miles from Bombay Hook, a refuge on which the Federal Government has already spent \$4 million.

● The Eel, Klamath and Trinity, marvelously wild steelhead and salmon rivers in rugged northern California, are to become half-empty ditches under the state's \$3.7 billion water plan. The "surplus waters" of the rivers would be diverted from flowing to the Pacific and instead be pumped inland down the great Central Valley as part of the Los Angeles water supply. Their fisheries would suffer irreparable damage. Yet only a few years ago two economists and one research chemist conducting an impartial study sponsored by The RAND Corporation reported that southern California had no need of additional water if certain wasteful practices were stopped.

● Tierra Verde, a Florida island owned by the Murchison brothers, borders one of the last great marine nursery grounds of the South. Tierra Verde Corp. wants to develop 1,120 acres of the nursery grounds, and it plans to start by dredging up 9.25 million yards of lush bay bottoms that is

the basis of a rich marine life chain. Nine and a quarter million may seem like an unimpressive figure, but Ed Arnold, a biologist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, calculates that this is enough bay bottom to cover to a depth of one foot a 40-foot-wide highway running from Tierra Verde to New York City, 1,380 miles north. Of course, destruction of the bay would be typical of Florida development. Countless fishing grounds already have been wrecked, including once fabulous Boca Ciega Bay near St. Petersburg which has been reduced to a canal system flanked by waterfront homes.

● The Hudson Highlands, the magnificent stretch of hills flanking the Hudson River in the vicinity of West Point, are about to become ensnared and befouled by power stations and transmission lines. The Federal Power Commission, which is not in the least concerned with conservation, is expected to give its approval to a proposal by Consolidated Edison, an officially sanctioned monopoly with the highest power rates of any major utility in the U.S., for a hydroelectric plant at the foot of Storm King mountain. Once that is granted, Central Hudson, an upriver monopoly,

'HIS ANGER IS FULLY JUSTIFIED'—UDALL

Sports Illustrated asked Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall what he thought of Mr. Boyle's views, some of which assailed Government conservation efforts. Here is the Secretary's answer—part defense, part agreement

Robert Boyle is outraged—and I hope his sense of outrage is contagious. His shotgun blast does not always hit the right targets, but his anger at the spoilers of the American land is fully justified, even when his aim is wild. Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot taught us earlier in this century that indignation is the necessary prelude to conservation action—and I, for one, welcome a polemic like *America down the Drain*.

The land raiders are still at work on America's resources. They will continue to scar and contaminate our land until enough conservation-minded people organize a vigorous movement that will check their desertions. The trouble these days is that few people are aroused until blight hits their own backyard. Rear-guard actions fall more often than they succeed, and it is likely that we will lose most of the big fights unless enough people get involved in the overall battle to save our cities and our countryside.

The explanation of our failures is more complex than Mr. Boyle lets on. There are disturbing failures by our public officials, but most of our trouble can be traced to the nonchalance of too many Americans toward the cut-of-does.

This notwithstanding, the picture has its bright side, and I wish Mr. Boyle had

presented it, too. This Congress was by common consent the best conservation Congress since F.D.R.'s Hundred Days. There were enough important victories—like the Wilderness Bill, the Conservation Fund Bill and the Fire Island National Seashore Bill—to encourage optimism that other important victories can be won if we are aroused from our national mood of indifference.

We might begin by trying to understand the politics of conservation. The battle is not, as it was in Teddy Roosevelt's time, a front-page story. It is rather the aggregate of thousands of little crusades—and a few big ones that come to a head in the Congress itself.

There have been heartening moments in recent months. For example, it took a major effort by many dedicated people to save New Jersey's Great Swamp, to make Fire Island a National Seashore, to protect New York's Minus Gorge and to save the Point Reyes Peninsula north of San Francisco. These and countless other fights have been won because enough citizens cared enough to organize for action.

By default or otherwise, every community, every region is losing fights like those described in Mr. Boyle's article. And we will continue to lose more fights than we win until teachers and journal-

ists and parents make a major educational effort that will produce new attitudes toward land stewardship. In short, we need men and women who are willing to get into the long-haul race for conservation and stay the distance.

One of my concerns is that many of those who could do most to help turn the tide—like the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and those who publish other magazines of national circulation—will be willing to settle for sporadic outbursts of outrage. There is no doubt in my mind that we can keep America "a green and pleasant land" if conservation becomes a constant concern of important magazines and the daily press. Wrong-headed bureaucrats, indifferent public officials and shortsighted highway engineers will put the future uppermost in their planning if they feel the hot breath of public opinion.

In any event, we can be quite certain of this: our descendants in the year 2064 will judge us and our civilization far more by the things we did to save the face of the American continent than by the scores of all our sporting contests or the size of our stadiums. All sensitive men are haunted by every piece of America that "goes down the drain," for each of us is leashed by every act that defiles or diminishes the American earth.

is expected to apply for a permit to build on Breakneck Ridge on the east bank. There are any number of reasons why the Con Ed proposal should be condemned—for one, the company has suggested it would use the plant for only 15 years; for another, Storm King is a major historical, scenic and tourist attraction; for another, the striped bass fishery in the river probably would be decimated by Hudson River water being sucked up by the megagallon into a gigantic reservoir; and, for still another, a unique hardwood forest owned by Harvard University would be partly flooded out, a minor point that has Harvard President Nathan Pusey up in arms. Angered residents feel that their elected representatives have not only sold them down the river, but sold the river as well. However, the Con Ed plant seems certain to go through. Like the Beaver Kill and the Willowemoc, the Hudson Highlands are within easy driving distance of the eight million beleaguered residents of the smoke, dirt and noise that is New York City, but this apparently counts for naught.

And so it goes all across the U.S., adding to what one British magazine called "the mess that is man-made America." But hold on—even more grandiose plans of destruction are in the works. The Bureau of Reclamation, for instance, seriously wants to flood the full length of the Grand Canyon National Monument and up to 13 miles of Grand Canyon National Park. Grand Canyon, so the bureau believes, will make a wonderful reservoir.

Other wrecklamation plans are even more improbable. There is a thing known as the Texas Basins Project. In the words (nonattributable, of course) of one leading light in the Department of the Interior, this is "the worst boondoggle ever conceived, but I hear L.B.J. is for it." The Texas Basins Project quite simply calls for federal funds (natch) to be used to stop, by the year 2010, a major portion of all the fresh water that flows out of the State of Texas into the Gulf of Mexico. A total of 21 dams and superreservoirs will choke off almost every river or stream flowing into the Gulf and divert the water into a supercanal ringing the coast. The project will drastically affect one million acres of tidewater that annually yield an average of more than 186 million pounds of commercial fish, shrimp and oysters and support nearly six million man-days of sport fishing a year.

Oh well, there is always Alaska. But not quite. Power enthusiasts there have come up with the Rampart Dam project, a cement contractor's Eskimo Pie. As it is now conceived, the dam would bottle up a chunk of Alaskan wilderness the size of Lake Erie, destroying or dislocating the natural resources and wildlife unique to that beautiful land and flooding out the breeding grounds of 1.5 million ducks and geese. Dumbing of the Yukon would violate the 1871 Treaty of Washington, but then the U.S. Government has taken to violating this kind of treaty with Soviet aplomb. Last year the Army Corps of Engineers and Con-

gress routed the Seneca Indians off their land in western New York and Pennsylvania for—right—another dam, even though George Washington himself had given the Seneca suckers this land in perpetuity.

What makes so many, if not all, of these projected and present schemes so painful is that they take the least practical alternative, e.g., the Beaver Kill-Willowemoc paving-over. Soon we will have millions upon millions of miles of highway—and no place worth driving to see. In state after state there is carnage heaped upon chaos. The Providence *Evening Bulletin* recently ran a picture series, satirically titled "Rhode Island the Beautiful," showing litter piled around a "no dumping" sign near a housing development, a billboard advertising sun cream defacing a beach, auto junkyards abreast of new highways, and oil refineries advancing down the slopes of Narragansett Bay.

Yet newspaper campaigns have no effect. For all of the high-sounding phrases about the American heritage, the fact is that the Federal Government and the vast majority of state governments do not care what the press or people have to say, even about health hazards. In Georgia the state water system is on its way to becoming a network of cesspools. In the last three years the Georgia Department of Public Health has called on 83 towns and industries to stop polluting streams and rivers. So far only 14 have complied, and it is a marvel that they have, because the Department of Health itself is one of the most offensive polluters. The state hospital at Milledgeville dumps millions of gallons of raw sewage into the tiny Oconee River.

In Maine, Atlantic salmon have been all but driven from ruined rivers, and the people themselves are hard put to stand the stench from pulp-and-paper plants and mills that befoul the air in such towns as Lincoln and Rumford. Not long ago a Maine resident wrote to the *Portland Press Herald* about the Ossipee River: "It would sicken you to see the soap coming down the river from the laundromats that empty directly into the stream. Then there are a few old cars partially submerged. These came from the Cornish dump which now is in the old riverbed. Then, just a short way above, you will come to the Kezar Falls dump which tumbles rubbish directly into the river. As I watched a group of campers in canoes going down this once-beautiful stream, I wondered what they will write home about their trip."

Apart from esthetic or ethical considerations (Is there any point in going into that? As Louis Armstrong said when asked what jazz meant, "Man, when you got to ask what it is, you'll never get to know"), there are valid reasons why this carnage should cease.

For one, there is a desperate need for recreation land, not only as playgrounds for father and son or for fishermen or bird watchers or hikers, but as ties to reality, to the biological reality of the world, to the essence of life itself. In many sections of the country too many Americans are becoming alienated from the reality that only parks, natural areas, wild rivers, open spaces and unblighted seashore can give. Take Whyte's man in Teaneck or Paramus or Palo Alto. He

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lives at 424 Elms Dell Acres (there are no elms, there is no dell and the acre is 50 by 100). To his company, he is employee No. 2784, to the post office he is ZIP Code 94350, and if you want to call him, you must dial 415 322-3099. Instead of being an individual, a human being, an immortal soul, he is part of the anonymous mass, a consumer, a member of the viewing audience, a statistic.

He is separated from life not only by numbers but by middlemen and packagers. His wife buys food in plastic cartons and polyethylene bags from a supermarket that is identical to thousands of others, and he dines on year-old "garden-fresh" peas that came out of a freezer. His kids think milk is something that is made in a machine, and his idea of a vacation is a trip to a tricked-out "reconstruction" like Williamsburg or an artificial carnival like Disneyland. He is told that he belongs to the Pepsi generation, and his image of nature is Marlboro Country. In sum, he has no conception of life, the world, values or proper judgments. He is a faceless number occupying a plywood house on a barren plot fronting an asphalt strip. Instead of being a rational creature dependent upon intelligent use of resources, he is a yea-saying slob, subjected to all sorts of fakery and flummery dished out by packagers and politicians who want to make him buy more garden-fresh peas that have been dyed green, while everything that is really green gets paved over.

Along the eastern seaboard, in parts of the Middle West and along the Pacific Coast, the situation is particularly desperate. The National Recreation Association has suggested that a community needs at least one acre of park or wild land for every 100 citizens. If that standard is accepted, then consider the plight of New Jersey, where 6 million people are living in 5 million acres. Alarmed by its need for open spaces, the state three years ago started a Green Acres plan, but it appears doomed. Why? Because the communities that need parkland the most are determined to use what open space is left for industry so that they can get "more tax revenue."

New York City seems beyond hope. In the 22-county area comprising and surrounding the city proper, the population is 15 million. Within 20 years this population is expected to double, with practically all the increase coming in what is now exurban countryside. In this period the New York area will see as much new building and development as there was between 1626, when the Dutch bought the place from the Indians, and today. This is the sort of thing that makes real estate speculators lick their chops.

In a brave attempt to forestall the blight around New York, Charles Little, a former advertising man who gave up his job a year ago for the cause of conservation, is heading an organization known as the Open Space Action Committee. Briefly put, Little and Open Space are trying to beat the speculators to the land by tying up as much of it as possible in parks, sanctuaries, golf courses and scenic easements. To do this, Little and a staff of volunteers are trying to talk to all owners of 20 acres or more within the 22-county

area in order to acquaint them with the advantages of decent stewardship of the land, the possibility of tax benefits, write-offs and low-cost government loans that may be had for conservation or recreation purposes.

There are economic reasons for saving land. Unspoiled land is money in the bank. Contrary to popular opinion, which equates progress with unmanaged growth, housing developments invariably cost municipalities more money than they produce in taxes. As Little points out to surprised official after official, communities profit from parks, farms and estates but usually lose on development housing. For example, in Corlandt, a community in northwestern Westchester County, N.Y., a typical new house pays, on the average, \$500 a year in taxes, yet the town government has to spend an additional \$1,500 for services and school costs. In Westport, Conn. the situation has reached the point where any new house costing less than \$50,000 will probably be a tax drag on the community.

There are also scientific reasons for preserving or conserving many parts of the landscape. Richard H. Pough, one of the country's leading naturalists and the former chairman of the department of conservation and general ecology at the American Museum of Natural History, is actively at work attempting to save certain ecologically valuable areas. "As a scientist," Pough says, "I am concerned with the fact that here in North America nature has spent two billion years evolving widely varying communities of plants and animals. These communities, or ecosystems, maintain a terrific volume of living stuff and science is now beginning to study them. We have the opportunity to preserve these undisturbed fabrics of nature that serve as valuable laboratories for scientists. Right now biological sciences like ecology and genetics are in their infancy. Once we break the DNA code, the potentials are unlimited, and studies of extensive plant-animal communities are vital.

"You don't have to argue with any scientist that these natural areas are most useful," Pough continues, "so why not preserve them? Unfortunately, practically none of the scientists has any money. I remember poor Dr. Shull at Princeton when he was trying to save Island Beach. He used to say, 'Oh, if I had only patented the hybrid-vigor principle in corn, I could have bought the place outright.'

"The trouble is most people are ecologically illiterate. Look at Khrushchev and the Virgin Lands scheme. Look at Shell Oil on Delaware Bay. One bad spill on a high tide could do tremendous damage, yet the Shell people had never heard of an oyster seabed."

It is easy to look around the country and find areas that have been ruined or maltreated by ecological ignorance. The Dust Bowl of the '30s is a prime example; so are the depressed areas of the once great Northern Forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. The citizens of New York state are still paying for the idocy unleashed by the

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New York City Bureau of Water Supply. Instead of drawing water from the Hudson River, or even laying pipe to Lake Ontario, the city decided to move into upstate counties, damming trout streams and drowning some of the best dairy land in the East. This is bad enough, but ignorance perpetuates itself. In the last two and a half years drought conditions have prevailed in the reservoir areas, and the water department has reacted to the crisis by asking restaurants not to serve a glass of water to a patron unless specifically requested to do so. Mail has also been stamped **SAVE WATER**. Yet, as the same RAND scientists who studied the southern California water problems pointed out, New York City need not face a water shortage if officials would take three simple steps: 1) meter all customers, 2) repair leaks and 3) charge realistic rates. Alas, politicians do not get their names on plaques for fixing leaks, and so next year, to the blare of trumpets, a new \$140 million reservoir will be unveiled.

Although the situation appears bleak to hopeless from one end of the country to the other, there are practical steps that can be taken to help offset some of the wreckage. These steps will not solve all our problems, but at least they can help postpone (and with luck, avert forever) the day when all of us are crucified on a concrete cross.

To begin with the most practical step, all conservation interests in the country must join together on a national level, no matter how contradictory their aims appear. The Audubon Society must work with Ducks Unlimited and Remington Arms; trout fishermen have to talk to water skiers. All conservationists and sportsmen must realize that their basic aims are the same. Too often conservationists have been at one another's throats and left one another dead. At present, the profusion of conservation interests, as Ernest Swift writes bitterly in *Conservation News*, "is comparable to a huge circus with some 300 sideshows with their respective barkers and pitchmen each selling a special brand of conservation elixir. . . . Noninterested citizens and politicians are often bewildered

by the number of splintered factions all supposedly aiming at the same target, and throw up their hands when some zealot attempts to explain the reasons for such individuality."

It is now imperative that all conservation interests unite to pool information, advice, expertise and membership lists. Each interest could retain its own independence and identity, but with one press of a button, all their members could be mobilized into one gigantic army that could fight a specific threat with intelligence and purpose. Then when the politicians began to count votes they would have a force to reckon with. It has been suggested that leading conservation groups might use one building in New York or Washington for their main headquarters, with other groups maintaining a liaison officer there. Here is where a foundation could be of help. With the exception of some foundations backed by the Mellon family and certain Rockefellers (most notably Laurence), foundations have pretended that conservation does not exist. Social scientists may get grant after grant to document the obvious, bullet dancers may be pelted with dollar bills, but nothing is done to help conservation or to enhance the human environment. As one conservation-minded foundation official says, "If you came to us and said that the mechanics of teaching high school Spanish were all wrong, we would write out a check for the initial pilot project. Foundations are concerned with the structure of things. We are not concerned with the quality of American life, yet the country is being gutted before our eyes."

The conservation operations of the federal and state governments need a thorough overhauling. As of now, the Federal Government has 33 bureaus, agencies and subagencies concerned with conservation. Much of the time they are working at cross purposes. This waste and duplication of effort is mirrored on state levels. Obviously, these agencies should be brought as much as possible under a coordinating head who would, one assumes, decide on a policy that made sense. Policy should not be made by any corps of engineers

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DOWN THE DRAIN

or housing authority or state highway department, but by powerful chief conservationists.

Politicians will scream that highway progress, dams, "reclamation" of marshland and whatnot all help stimulate the economy. If federal or state governments wish to help the economy, they would do far better to sponsor more research and work on sewage disposal, water and air pollution, the desalting of seawater and development of marine fisheries, to name only a few essential and promising fields. Air-pollution control is dying for lack of research and funds. Eradication of water pollution is a relatively easy job, but few agencies are making the effort and fouling of waters continues at a reckless pace.

Many of the conservation problems now facing the country would be solved if there were an inexpensive way of desalting seawater. There is considerable prospect that this will be achieved in the near future—perhaps through the hydrogen-fusion process—thus making the damming of rivers all the more questionable. This process may not only separate salt and minerals but may also produce vast, and cheap, amounts of energy at the same time which will negate the necessity, where it legitimately exists, for orthodox power plants.

Laws must be overhauled on both the federal and state levels. On local levels, consideration should be given to cluster development, whereby houses on, say, a 300-acre tract are not spread out an acre or even two acres to a house but grouped, in a way that will assure privacy for each homeowner, on 200 acres, with the other 300 given over to a golf course, a pond and recreation land in general. When this is done, the landscape is spared and housing becomes a benefit, not a detriment.

William Whyte, who has just written a book appraising cluster development for the American Conservation Association, has been instrumental in getting the State of Connecticut to revamp its conservation laws. The Yankees of Connecticut are a pretty shrewd lot. After more than 300 years of boom and bust, they have realized that industries come and go, but Connecticut remains, and

that one of the state's biggest assets is its beauty. It was observed that touring Americans from less fortunate areas will pay money to see village greens, rippling streams and forests. After Connecticut was torn by floods in 1955, the governing fathers saw that there had been too much tampering with the environment. Then in 1961 Whyte came in as a consultant, and much of his program was passed on bloc by the state legislature. Connecticut now has 150,000 acres of state park and forest lands, an impressive total in view of the state's size. Local conservation commissions have greatly increased in number, and they have, among other powers, the right to request condemnation of lands for parks, as scenic attractions or as hunting or fishing grounds.

But where state or local governments are uncooperative—and this is the case most of the time—the only thing for angry citizens to do is to band together to form their own conservation group and pressure bloc. A model group is the Cortlandt Conservation Association in Westchester, which has been functioning for almost a year. Under the leadership of a no-nonsense president, Mrs. Adolph Elwyn, a science teacher, the CCA has grown from 30 members to 400. Considering what had gone on before, wonders have been accomplished. The CCA stopped the dumping of automobiles in a Hudson River marshland, it fought for only \$1.25 a fine piece of ravine that came up for auction at a delinquent tax sale (housewives are busy checking over so-called *au rem* sales to make sure that desirable pieces of land do not fall unnoticed into the hands of developers and their cohorts), and it is busy piecing together land to insure that the Croton River gorge will remain forever wild. Any number of experts—ranging from a tree surgeon to a curator at the New York Botanical Garden to Charles Little—serve as consultants to the CCA, and the local politicians and the weekly newspaper are beginning to pay heed. As Mrs. Elwyn says, "There is no use just sitting by and mourning and allowing the ruin of our country and our waters and our heritage. We have to get out and do something to stop it. If we try, we may even succeed."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—**MILWAUKEE** will emerge, at least through the 1983 season, as the leader of the Braves. The National League turned down the team's request to move to Atlanta next year.

BASKETBALL—**BOSTON** continued to look like the redemptory of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. It remained unbeaten (10 in a row) by whipping Detroit 130-113 (10 of the 11 Celtics scored more or more points) and edging the Royals 108-105. Second-place **CINCINNATI** dropped to 500 when it lost three straight. The explanation: Oscar Robertson was sidelined with an eye injury. **PHILADELPHIA** won its only game, and last-place New York dropped three on the Coast. **ST. LOUIS** and **LOS ANGELES** tied for the lead in the Western Division with 4-1 records. The Hawks defeated the Warriors 103-104 despite Wilt Chamberlain's efforts during a greater, second 17-point and had 27 rebounds and the Celtics 14-99. The Lakers beat the Knicks 106-96 and then led for the Warriors 133-131. **SAN FRANCISCO** finally broke loose, however, and defeated the Knicks 133-127 in double overtime as Chamberlain scored 52 points. They then took the Knicks a second time (146-121). **BALTIMORE** was two of three, and last-place **DETROIT** dropped two.

BOXING—The Salinas City 500 on California's Salinas Sea was won by Rudy Ramos' **PIETRO REAM** PUFF, driven by Ed Olson, a boxer by trade (four 70s).

Jack Manion, a 36-year-old with a weak heart and bleeding ulcer, drove a 30-foot diesel craft, aptly named **KAHAKAHI**, to victory in the home-inaugural 135-mile Maui-to-Key West powerboat race.

BOWLING—In the PBA's National Championship in Garden City, N.Y., **BOB STRAMPE** of Detroit won 19 of 25 games in the match-play final and took the title. Runner-up Ray Wuth of St. Louis rolled a perfect game but placed second in the overall tournament.

FOOTBALL—**NFL**. With a eighth overtime victory, a 40-24 win over Chicago, **BALTIMORE** looked like the champion in the West. The Colts gained a 3-1 victory lead when **GREEN BAY** of the National Football League 30-7. The Packers ran at will through the Colts' defense, but were not able to get past the Packers' line. Schenck suffered a knee injury and a shoulder attempt to tackle **Bruce Starr**. **LOS ANGELES** moved into a tie for second with a 20-10 victory over Philadelphia, and **MINNAPOLIS** came in at 24-3 away over San Francisco. **Jimmy Brown** drove two yards for his 100th touchdown in the NFL at CLEVELAND beat Washington 24-24 and kept in Eastern Division lead. **ST. LOUIS** Quarterback Charley Johnson passed for three touchdowns to lead the Cardinals to a 14-10 season-overhead victory over Pittsburgh, and **DALLAS**, pushing by

the sloppy play of New York and the moving of Don Stenberg to the front line, defeated the Giants 31-21 before 61,931 at Yankee Stadium. AFE. A second round of 61,829 scored unbeaten **BUFFALO** beat the Jets in a row by beating New York, 28-7 in Shea Stadium. Last year the two teams drew 5,574 at the Polo Grounds. **BOSTON** scored by Houston with a field goal on the last play in a 25-24. It was the Oilers' eighth loss. **SAN DIEGO** defeated Denver 31-30, but had to come from behind on two Tom Rost TD passes to tie it. **KANSAS CITY** covered its record (4-1 with a 42-7 rout of Oakland in Len Dawson completed eight passes for 222 yards and four touchdowns.

SOFTBALL—**BILLY CASPER** won the \$25,000 Aloupe Award on San Jose, Calif. after two playoffs with 26-year-old Negro rookie **Pete Brown**.

MICKEY WRIGHT shot an amazing 62 in the final round of the Tall City Open in Midland, Texas, to better the PGA record by two strokes and take the 10th tournament of the year. **Bob Wright** came from eight strokes behind to tie **Sherry Wheeler** on regulation play and then beat her with a birdie on the second hole of the sudden-death playoff.

HARBOR RACING—Approximately 200,000 of the Bronx, Irving Rose and Hyman Friedman, owner of the \$10,790 Bronx Futurity, **BIT OUSCAR** (16:00). **Bit** Houghton took the life line and won the final race at Yorkville, but did not race on a half-length through over Popular Week.

In a jump for the \$150,000 Cane Futurity, **Castles Farm's RAK** (16:00) (16:00) paid a mile in 7:01.1 for Stanley. **Danot** to win a \$100,000 invitation at Venetian Gold Farm was second and the 3rd season, **Nicar Haverov**, closed well to be third.

At Haverov, Pa., the offspring of **Adios**, as usual, topped the annual Standardbred sales. A colt, **FRAT HANOVER**, brought \$60,000 on the day of the New York of Tennessee, N.C. and **JOHN HANOVER**, a full sister to the champion pacer, **But Haverov**, was purchased for \$50,000 by Stanley Decker.

HOCKEY—**DETROIT** rounded its unbeaten streak to eight games by sweeping the Rangers 3-1 and the Canadiens 2-1 to finish a three-way tie for the lead. **MONTREAL** and **TORONTO** lost their points back in second place. The Canadiens 2-1 took each other, and then the Canadiens dropped two and the Maple Leafs one. **CHICAGO** climbed into a fourth-place tie with **NEW YORK** after a 2-1 victory over the Rangers (the Black Hawks scored their goals in a 25-second sprint) and a 3-1 decision over Montreal. The Rangers lost two in a row before defeating Toronto 1-0, as Jacques Plante replaced the injured Marcel Proulx and recorded his 62nd NHL shutout. **BOSTON** won its second game of the season, a 3-2 upset of the Black Hawks.

HORSE RACING—At Garden State, **Gold Royal's** game daughter, **QUEEN EMPRESS** (14:1), was headed in the quarter mile, but fought back to take the \$100,000 Garden State by a neck over **Whispering Sable**. Her rival for season's honors, **Manassas**, finished second.

Losers at Asphar might have hated the pair with **Jackey John Manion**, who played George Wilmer's **SEATTLE HILL** (15:30) to a 34-length victory in the \$50,000 Ladies' Handicap. **Debut** Lady (18 to 1) was second, and **Mrs. Cavanagh** fifth.

JACQUES STABLE (15:00) (15:00), under a strong ride by Robert Usher, dropped 14:1 for a half length in the first division of the prep for the Garden State. In the second division, **Gold Stable's Royal Garter** was disqualified from first, and **Mrs. Mary Hinch's SADAIR** (15:30), with **Mervin Yonan** up, was declared the winner.

HORSE SHOW—In the National at Madison Square Garden, 16-year-old **RANDI STUART** of Tulsa won the Good Hand ride with 26-year-old Storm Cloud. **JIM ROBIN**, Jr. of San Francisco, won the hammer-steele medal and almost won the MacKay trophy as well. He finished second to 17-year-old **LEE SCHULE** of Wilson, Conn., while Louisville's **JULIANNE SCHMUTZ** edged the championship ribbon in the saddle-steele class.

MOOSE SPORTS—Hitting a gunny sack on a Fort Scott, Texas, open-air track, **Fred Lorenzen** bettered the U.S. Class B closed-circuit record with a 25.8-mile time of 170.74 miles per hour.

TENNIS—In the international championships in Buenos Aires, San Antonio's **CHUCK MARKINLEY** defeated **Manuel Santana** in the men's singles when the Spaniard's winners were the women's **NANCY RICHIE** of Dallas upset **Maria Bueno** 4-6, 6-2, 6-4 in the women's singles.

WILKINSON—ACCEPTED—by the New York Yacht Club, the challenge of the *Royal* Sydney Yacht Squadron for the America's Cup in 1984.

DEFEATED RUD WILKINSON, 48, former Oklahoma University football coach, in his bid for a U.S. Senate seat, by Democrat **Ed Harris**, 44, an unstable OIL shaman.

RETIRED it was in Ontario, the 1964 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner, **NORTHERN DANCER**. The bay colt took 14 of his 17 races and earned \$760,000 for Canadian breeders **E. P. Taylor**.

DECEASED **CLARENCE C. PELL**, 79, U.S. records champion 12 times (over 12 miles and more distance), in Westbury, N.Y.

DIED **GOTTFRIED KOTTMANN**, 32, Soviet Olympic medal winner at the Tokyo Olympics, by drowning in the Rhine River during solitary maneuvers.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SWITCH HITTING

Sirs:

The proposed shift of the Braves to Atlanta (*Brownsville Herald*, Nov. 2) isn't the first proposed shift of a major league franchise. Ironically enough, Milwaukee started it all back in 1953. But each of the six franchise shifts in the past 11 years had some basis in reason behind it. The Braves moved to Milwaukee from a city with two teams, from an old, outmoded ball park, and after drawing only 281,000 fans the year before. You may remember that Milwaukee didn't entice the Braves from Boston—Pierini moved the club to prevent the St. Louis Browns from coming to Milwaukee.

The shift of the Browns to Baltimore the next year was explainable because they had never been supported in St. Louis. The same goes for the Athletics, who left for Kansas City in 1955, although you can hardly blame the Philadelphia fans for not supporting a team buried near last place most of the time.

The shift of the Dodgers and Giants was wrong, but it has been partially compensated for by the return of a National League team to New York. Both teams did, however, leave run-down parks in New York and Brooklyn, and New York was left with the Yankees. The shift of the old Senators to Minnesota where they became the Twins was made up for by a new team of Senators in the expanded AL.

As for the proposed move of the Braves, let's look at the facts. The Braves have drawn more fans during their 12 years in Milwaukee (an average of just under 1.6 million per year) than any other club in the majors except for the Los Angeles Dodgers. We have a modern, 12-year-old stadium which seats 43,000 with unlimited parking (at 25¢ per car) and is served by two adjacent expressways.

If the power of public opinion is not brought to bear and soon, Congress will have to step in. I don't want this to happen, and I don't believe any thinking baseball fan does.

GORDON H. BREHM

Milwaukee

Sirs:

I will take less than 10 years for the McHale-Bartholomay combine to sack the city of Atlanta!

AL POELLINGER

Neenah, Wis.

FIGHTING IRISH

Sirs:

I cheered every word in your article about Notre Dame's football team, save one—the

term "elderly" as applied to my brother, the Reverend James Moran, Director of Admissions at the university.

One year ago Father Moran was a vital and vigorous 59 when he was stricken with an infection which resulted in osteomyelitis of the spine. This caused a complete paralysis from his hips down.

He has waged a courageous and spirited fight against his illness and, through sheer pluck and determination, is regaining the use of his limbs. He is anything but "elderly" in his outlook and his attitudes, and in his love of Notre Dame. I think he strikingly exemplifies the spirit of the Fighting Irish.

JOHN V. MORAN

Detroit

Sirs:

Now, why wouldn't Notre Dame be undefeated in five games? Look at page 23, November 2 issue—that is not Coach Ara Parseghian, that is our old friend James Bond.

CHRISTY WILBERT

Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

A group of us at Methodist Boston University would like to make a trade with Presbyterian Coach Ara Parseghian and Catholic Notre Dame—we would be happy to give up our starting 11 for Notre Dame's scrubs.

JOHN A. LACK

Boston

DOCTORATES

Sirs:

My ire was raised with the quote in the article *A Reader's Year* (Sept. 21): "Besides, there's not much else for a boy to think about at Auburn except playing football." I could suggest quite a few things for these boys to think about, one being school-work and studying. It is a pity that this is the situation in many American colleges today, education playing a secondary role to sports. I myself am a college student and an avid sports fan, but I am able to place sports in its proper perspective. It is a shame to read of thousands of high school students being turned down by colleges when their classmates, who will use the colleges strictly for their sports facilities, are being accepted on sports scholarships. Maybe it is this sense of false values that is causing our great country to fall behind others in scientific technology.

MICHAEL D. HIRSCH

Brooklyn

Sirs:

We agree with letter-writer Holman that Dick Butkus is a great linebacker; in fact, he is the greatest linebacker in college football (1944 *Hill*, Oct. 26). But we do not think that the University of Illinois is a "football factory." If you still think the U of I is not an institution of higher learning, we invite you to spend one semester here and try your luck. We are sure your grades will not be earned on the football field.

JAMES MAIKA

JAMES CURRIE

Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

It is certainly obvious Mr. Butkus isn't no doctor.

However, on Oct. 10, 1964 he was operated on by Don Unverferth, an honor student in premed at Ohio State University.

As the score indicates, the operation was a huge success.

PAUL H. COFFLAND

Delphos, Ohio

KILOCYCLES

Sirs:

While leafing through the Oct. 25 issue of your fine publication, we noticed the article on "Bikeology 1 at Yale," describing the record set when Mr. Princi rode his racing cycle 102 laps around his 10-by-12-foot suite at 1902 Silliman College in 15 minutes. We decided to see if a prep-school cyclist could better this time. Our entrant, Sean Hutchinson, rode a Gemini 10-speed cycle around an 8.5-by-12-foot room for 106 laps in 15 minutes, and then went on to set a new distance mark of 201 laps in 26 minutes. Since both of these attempts surpassed the previous records by a substantial margin, we feel justified in calling ourselves the world champions of this newfound sport.

We at St. George's School are honored that William Mitzendorf, who helped to time our record-breaking attempt, was the brother of the George Mitzendorf who was mentioned in your article for taking part in the Yale stunt.

Our cyclist also rode in his bare feet on a wet floor, which inhibited the use of brakes. Our next attempt will be approximately 350 laps in a room of equal dimensions. To quote from the previous article: "Can your readers do without this information?"

SEAN HUTCHINSON

WILLIAM MITZENDORF

DOUGLAS ADAMS

Newport, R.I.

continued

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instruments. They both handle film correctly, so that you get everything out of it that you put into it. They both are virtually incapable of error. They both are built to standards of operation well beyond any you might ever need. They both meet rigid specifications of construction and longevity.

You get a handsome carrying case for your camera (the projector has its own built right in), and your dealer adds a screen, color film, and a light for indoor movies.

And once you get all the paraphernalia unwrapped, you'll be amazed at how much talent that family of yours suddenly has.

Not to mention you yourself.

**Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments
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BBH-100

What Price Craftsmanship?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Years ago my father patronized a tailor who was acknowledged to make the finest clothes in Louisville.

Everything suited Dad except the high price. During a fitting he took occasion to complain. "I understand the tailor across the street makes a mighty nice suit. And he charges \$20 less than you."

"You're quite right," the tailor agreed, "and they say he makes nice worn clothes too!"

By rights Dad should have been the last to complain. The expert craftsmanship required to snugly fit "suit" to "man" is matched in no field more specialized than his own and by no man more than by himself.

For three generations, in his tenure as well as my own, our family distillery has patiently tailored our OLD FITZGERALD to fit the man who knows how genuine Kentucky Bourbon ought to taste.

"Custom-cut and hand-made," its cost can never match its "ready-made" competition.

Using our old-fashioned sour-mash recipe, we purposely sacrificed one full quart of Bourbon for each bushel of grain mashed. Our fermenters ripen at a snail's pace. We distill, then re-distill to capture the congeners which give OLD FITZGERALD its distinctive flavor.

And in our open cask houses, through the long years, we let nothing interfere with the natural mellowing that comes only in new casks of mountain oak.

Admittedly, less than such costly care would still produce "nice, warm" acceptable Bourbon. If *whatsoever* is all you want, it can be had for far less.

But in matching the style and fit of genuine Kentucky sour mash at its old-fashioned best, our century-and-more of distilling experience has yet to uncover a money-saving short cut.

Is such fine "stitching" justified? Is such extra care worth its price? Tonight, try OLD FITZGERALD and see!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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16TH HOLE continued

TOKYO TEA LEAVES

Sirs:

Just thought I'd compliment you on your pre-Olympic picks. Your Oct. 5 issue really called the tune. For the record, here's your performance.

Men's track and field—24 events; 13 firsts, 4 second picks finished first, 1 third pick finished first. This does not include Rowlants and Abebe whom you didn't think were healthy. Women's track and field—12 events; 5 firsts, 2 second picks finished first, 1 third pick finished first. Men's swimming—12 events; 7 firsts, 2 second picks finished first, 2 third picks finished first. Women's swimming—10 events; 5 firsts, 3 second picks finished first, 1 third pick finished first. You skipped Lesley Buh.

Why not let us know about the local horse races also?

JIM SLOAN

Park Ridge, Ill.

Sirs:

I don't care what happens between now and December 31, I think Robert F. Gargenack, Olympic track and field coach, deserves to be SA's 1964 Sportsman of the Year. The guidance, inspiration and leadership he gave to our track and field forces in the most thumping victory in American history speaks volumes.

DON L. KEARNEY

New York City

Sirs:

The only way to make a true evaluation of each nation's effort is to assign a point value for each medal, such as: gold 3, silver 2 and bronze 1.

Using this method of Olympic scoring we find that the U.S.A. barely edges the U.S.S.R., 188 to 187.

GEORGE J. GAYRAN

Groton, N.Y.

POST MORTEMS

Sirs:

I was delighted when my wife showed me Robert Cantwell's warm review of my book, *The World of Berli*.

You might be interested to know that after the recent yacht races at Newport, Peter Scott, helmsman of the British challenger, and his wife Philippa spent two days at our home here in Connecticut. I was recovering from an automobile accident (210 stitches in my face) while Peter was still under shock from his own catastrophic cut on the water.

Peter Scott was licking his wounds, and I was licking mine. We mentioned neither boats nor automobile accidents, but instead talked only of birds, fish watching, sports, moths and other external things.

ROGER TORY PETERSON

Old Lyme, Conn.

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YESTERDAY

A Rooster with a Rather Mean Kick

Billy (Rooster) Andrews is a sort of cheerful footnote in the annals of college football. He was from the start the right size for a footnote, being slightly larger than Eddie Gaedel, the midget Bill Veack once used to bat for the St. Louis Browns. Andrews had a fine physique, but there was only 4 feet 11 inches of it. Personable and popular, he was the University of Texas water boy and team manager from 1942 through 1946.

In his first appearance as a player he kicked two extra points against Texas Christian University in a 46-7 rout. But Texas rooters refused to see a hop-o-my-thumb rub salt in the wounds of the humiliating score. TCU was a hated team because it had ruined Texas' bid for a national championship in 1941. TCU Coach Dutch Meyer refused to shake hands with Dana X. Bible of Texas after the game.

What added to the absurd drama of Rooster's performance was that he dropped-kicked his extra points.

A day came when Rooster was supposed to kick the ball and failed. It was in the Texas-Southern Methodist game of 1945, the first of the classic encounters between Quarterbacks Bobby Layne of Texas and Doak Walker of SMU. Rooster was Layne's roommate. All three were natives of Dallas, and during holidays and summer vacations they were nearly constant companions.

Rooster today is president of Austin's C & S Sporting Goods Co., one of the more prosperous in Texas. He earned his nickname in his second semester at Texas, the spring of 1942. Jack Crain and Buddy Jungmichel, the Longhorns' half-back and All-America guard, hauled him out of bed at midnight for a wild errand. They had a notion of entering a contestant in an illegal 2 a.m. cockfight at nearby Elgin, Texas, and they had discovered that the meanest rooster in Austin was perched in the live oak tree in

continued

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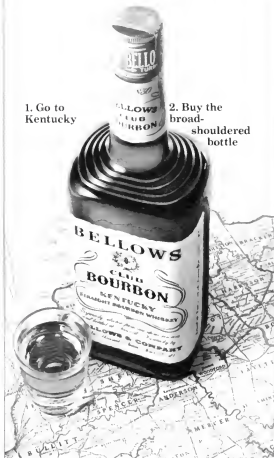
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Rooster Andrews *continued*

front of the caretaker's house at Memorial Stadium. They had drafted Andrews to climb up and get him down.

Andrews put a flashlight in his back pocket and scooped up the tree to its highest branches, where three chickens were roosting, including the mean one. "Awright," yelled Crain from below, "now shine your light. That's him! The red one in the middle. Grab him!"

Andrews put away the flashlight, held onto the tree trunk with one arm and reached up for the rooster. "He just exploded," Andrews recalls. "He raked me from eyebrow to navel. I let go of everything but the rooster, and I must have hit every tree limb going down." The rooster got away, and Andrews had a broken arm. He was known as Rooster from then on.

In 1945 when Rooster went into the game against SMU, the score was 12-7 and Texas needed that 13th point. Layne had missed the kick after the first touch-down, and now he decided it was a fine time to repeat a play he and Rooster had worked the previous year against Oklahoma. Instead of kicking for the conversion, Rooster had passed to Layne in the left flat.

But when Texas came out against SMU, Doug Walker stationed himself in the left flat, grinned across at Andrews and made a passing motion with his right arm.

Opposing linemen took great care when rushing at Rooster not to step on him, fall on him or otherwise maim him. Their faces went blank with astonishment this time when Rooster cocked his arm to pass, and one large tackle zoomed past him before he could check his stride. Meanwhile, Layne was zigging, faking and jaggling, trying to elude the knowing Walker. "Doug was sitting in his hip pocket," Rooster says, "so I just threw the ball in the other direction, hoping one of our guys would grab it." Nobody did.

Texas won anyway, 12-7, but that night Layne and Rooster could hardly wait to get with Walker and ask him how he had anticipated the play. "Don't you remember?" Walker said. "When we got together after last year's Oklahoma game you bragged all night about that pass. Besides, when I saw Rooster come out of the huddle with that big ear-splitting grin on his face, I knew he wasn't going to kick the ball."

—STEVE PERKINS



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